

DRUMMER

ISSUE 125

4⁹⁵

DISCOVERY

of the joys of submission
of the ecstasy of male sex
of the pleasure of giving
of the need for a Master

MR. LEATHER NEW YORK

11 hot men on their
Discovery of Leather

NEW in DRUMMER

REAR VIEW MIRROR

Exploration of
Our Leather Roots

Naked They Walk
Without Any Shame
Drawn Toward Their Masters

LIKE MOTHS TO A FLAME

The Dungeons of Europe Part II

20 QUESTIONS

Your chance to sound off to Drummer

DISTRIBUTION TO MINORS PROHIBITED

DRUMMER



photo by Marathon Films



photo by Droux Photo

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DRUM

ISSUE 125

"If a man does not keep
pace with his companions,
perhaps it is because
he hears a different
drummer. Let him step to
the music he hears, however
measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau

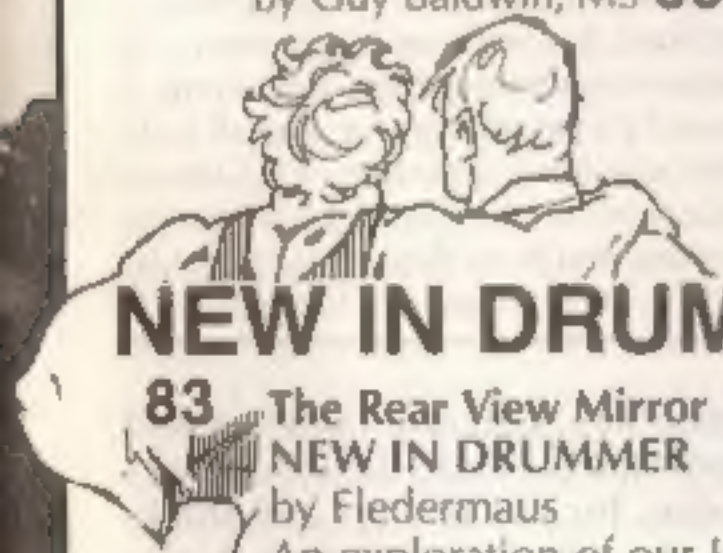


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NEW IN DRUMMER

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NEW IN DRUMMER
by Fledermaus
An exploration of our Leather Roots

Cover

Christian Breesen, the star bottom of *Like Moths to a Flame*, Part 2 of *The Dungeons of Europe* trilogy.
Photo by Marathon Films

Back Cover

Ric Turner, Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer & Sam Schultz,
Mid-Atlantic Drummerboy
Photo by Droux Studio

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PUBLISHER: **Anthony F. DeBlase**

EDITOR: **Fledermaus**

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: **Ken Lackey**
Paul Martin

ART DIRECTOR: **Jameo Saunders**

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: **John Wood**

TYPOGRAPHY: **Sal Valore**

CLASSIFIED AD SERVICES: **Ken Lackey**

FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS:

Guy Baldwin **Larry Townsend** **Bill Ward**

FREQUENT CONTRIBUTORS:

Writers:

Michael Agreve	David May	Scott Tucker
Fledermaus	Anthony Santos	Richard A. White
Jack Fritscher	Jay Schaffer	Kevin Wolff
Rick Jackson	Aaron Travis	

Photographers:

Adam & Co.	Scott O'Hara	Satyr Studios
Albert	Old Reliable	Jim Wigler
Altomar	Palm Drive	Zeus Studios

Artists:

Boss	B. Clarke	Leon	R.A.W.
Cavelo	P. Dailey	Mad Dog	Rex
Cirby	The Hun	Olaf	Tallwing

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OFF THE TOP

Tony DeBlase

DISCOVERY

You will notice that "Fetish Feature" is no longer emphasized. It was never our intent to make each *Drummer* issue a Theme issue based on the fetish, but merely to feature a particular fetish as a PART of each issue. Sometimes we got carried away but usually the magazine carried quite a bit of material unrelated to the fetish. We will continue to present articles, photo spreads, stories, etc. on particular turn-ons, but only very rarely will these be the dominant subjects in the magazine.

For example, issue 126 will feature motorcycles. Two of the four photo spreads to be included will feature men and bikes (one with former International Mr Leather, Colt Thomas, exposing his cock for the very first time on the pages of any magazine—He even kept it covered up for *Advocate Men*; and the second a HOT action scene with several bikers and several bikes); one of the three pieces of fiction will feature male sex in a straight bike club; and there will be a special selection of Tough Customers interested in motorcycles. The rest of the fiction, photos, etc. will cover a range of interests but with no particular emphasis on motorcycles.

So, with this said, I have to admit that this magazine in your hands is a theme issue of *Drummer*. But the theme is not a fetish. The theme, Discovery, is one of the great joys of life. In Rick Jackson's "Comrades in Arms" a jaded marine discovers the joys of truly giving sexually as he leads a squid through the excitement of finally discovering fulfillment in the male/male sex he has always yearned for. In C. A. Slater's "Discovery" (the inspiration for the theme issue) the protagonist finds the release and fulfillment that come with experiencing submission and pain from a Master who is simultaneously reassuring

and terrifying. In David May's "The Circle is Complete" an experienced Top discovers his need to go bottom to another man.

The eleven Mr. Leather New York contestants each share the first time they discovered that leather turned them on.

In "Like Moths to a Flame" Kevin Wolff, and the rest of us, discover one of the best, if not THE best, SM video produced in years. And in Mr. Mid-Atlantic *Drummer*, and this year's Mid-Atlantic *Drummer* boy we discover the results of a small group of men's work to keep Leather alive and well and on the forefront in the basically homophobic, and "leatherphobic", southern heartland.

This issue also introduces a new column "The Rear View Mirror." The purpose of this will be to help all leather men, and women, discover their roots as we explore the history of our leather community.

Finally, there is the questionnaire on pages 97-98. This is our attempt to discover what you like, and what you dislike, about *Drummer*.

Discovery will continue in *Drummer* 126—where we will finally DISCOVER Colt Thomas' cock; a straight biker will discover that getting his cock sucked isn't half bad, particularly while sitting on his Harley with his hands tied; a Utah boy will discover his real need for a Master; and a man will discover that his lover's leather gear is not frightening, in fact it's a turn on. We will all discover Max Bear, a new comic character, destined to give Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Roger Rabbit heavy competition, at least in leather circles. And in Hoddy Allen's "A Hero's Welcome" we will discover, like Jimmy Stewart in *It's a Wonderful Life*, how one man's life impacts on many others. Howard Cruse is illustrating Hoddy's story and I can't wait to discover what his fertile imagination comes

up with!

Discovery. It's the theme for this issue, but it is also the theme behind much of what *Drummer* does. Please, take the time to complete the questionnaire on pages 97-98 and get it off to us.

Drummer Subscriptions

I discovered long ago the problems of being a *Drummer* subscriber. I was one, briefly, then I started buying it on the news stand. Bulk mail, which until two years ago was the only kind of subscription possible, takes two to four weeks to be delivered. I know. I now have a subscription that is sent by bulk mail to my home here in the Bay Area. It takes the post office three weeks, on the average, to deliver to me. This time lag is infuriating when a new issue sits on the news stand rack for weeks before the bulk mail subscription arrives. But there is nothing we can do about it.

We did, when we took over publication of *Drummer*, initiate first class mail subscriptions. This is considerably more expensive: first class postage rates are nearly ten times bulk mail rates, but first class mail is infinitely more efficient.

Thus we have decided to stop offering bulk mail subscriptions to any of our publications. Beginning immediately all new subscriptions will be at the first class rate and will receive priority shipping. A problem in the past has been space, when the new issue arrives there is no room to move here. We have to get the large wholesale orders out so we have room to process subscriptions. But we have made new arrangements with the printer. Beginning with issue 126 we will receive a small first shipment which will go out to First Class subscribers before the rest of the magazine is even delivered to us! First class subscribers will also get first class service. □

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate

from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products.

MALE CALL

THE NOSE KNOWS

Really enjoyed the Bears/Mountain Men issue and the stories were of a quality that *Drummer* should have more of.

In 116 Malecall someone complained of being asked to put out a cigar. Well, there are several things that the world can do without at bars as far as most are concerned. Stinking cigars (and maybe cigs, too); deafening music so loud it's dangerous to the health and any form of possible conversation; and assholes that smell like they fell into a cologne bottle.

If the writer is so concerned that he must have a cigar in his face to have the personality he thinks he is trying to project let him just stand around with an unlit stogie.

After all he'd look the same and probably smell much better in bed. . . and not wake up the next morning sounding like the last gasps of breath will end his day.

Remember, Telly S. ("Kojak") looked pretty hot with his lollipop!

—H. M., Bridgeport, CT

Drummer strongly endorses the rights of individuals to make their own choices regarding such personal matters as what to put in one's mouth. When we decide to go out in public, we inherently give up the right to completely control our surroundings. Otherwise, we might as well just stay at home.

—KJL

PIPE DREAMS

The receipt of *Drummer* #122 has made my day! I subscribed to *Drummer* approximately six months ago after purchasing a copy locally, because I noticed that two of my three fetishes were to be featured in upcoming issues, namely #119 (hairy, bearded bears,) and the most recent, #122 (cigar studs.) The wait for both issues was worth every minute.

I'm a 28 year old tall, smooth skin blond and I have always been turned on by big, hairy, bearded men smokin' big cigars, but even more so by men smokin' a pipe. I thoroughly enjoy getting off while smokin' a bowl and playin' with my hairy, bearded lover.

I have never seen this fetish featured in any publication and request that *Drummer* feature the "dreams of a pipe smoker." I am excited to see in the "Dear Sir:" section of issue #122 an ad for "pipe smokers' club forming," which of course I plan to join.

Keep up the good work and I'll be on your mailing list forever!

—P.S. (Pipe Smoker) / Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Okay, fine, but have you ever watched a "Kojak" rerun while sucking on a lollipop? Now, there's a thrill!

—KJL

HIGH ON GUY

I have been wanting to let you know how valuable I find "The Ties that Bind," by Guy Baldwin, M.S. I've been reading his column in *Drummer* since you began offering it.

Guy's approach to the SM lifestyle, particularly Master-Slave relationships, reflects my personal philosophy. I am in a relationship with a slave trainee and have him read each column. (I photocopied past columns for him.) My slave is very eager to learn, anxious to serve me properly, and appreciates having Guy's writing to help him.

"The Ties that Bind" is, believe it or not, the first part I read in each *Drummer*. Such a high quality column contributes to the fine level of the magazine as a whole. Thank you for including Guy Baldwin as a regular contributor!

—Drew Nicholas / San Francisco, CA

We're extremely gratified by the positive response to "Ties that Bind." Consistently Guy presents provocative and highly original thinking on S/M relationships, and it keeps getting better! It speaks well of our readership that they want to do more than just beat off. Yes, we're very proud of Guy's column.

—KJL

KEEP THE FAITH

After reading KR of Portland, OR's letter I had to write to let him know that many of us who read *Drummer* and who are into the leather scene, if we were totally honest, could definitely sign our names to his letter.

Coming out is the most difficult part of accepting our way of life and by writing his letter to *Drummer* he has begun that difficult process. Every one of us is behind you and believe me, KR, as rough and as scary as those black colors are, the best is yet to come. Top or bottom, it will be the best experience of your life. You can consider this leatherman a friend. Good luck and take that next step.

—Master Mike / MI

NO REGRETS

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for publishing "View From a Sling." Geoff, I want to thank you from the depths of my soul and cunt for writing it.

Flooded with vivid, never to be forgotten memories of my experiences at the Catacombs, where only a few years ago (feels

like a century!) these "special brothers" shared with me, a woman, their ecstasies.

Yes, "we did embrace infinity" through the giving and the taking of the "mancunt," and in my case, "womancunt." And how I did "love their soul where I could really grab onto it," and vice versa!

Now I have lost so many of these "special brothers." In the memory of their exploded beauty in the Catacombs playpen, in the memory of their absolute openness, in the memory of their ecstatic screams. . . thank you for publishing Geoff Mains' marvelous account.

Geoff, thank you for your courage in telling the world how beautiful and significant that part of our life was, and that you have no regrets. "Non rien de rien, non je ne regrette rien." (Edith Piaf)

—Carla Wood / San Francisco, CA

We three share some of the same memories, and Geoff certainly made them reverberate for me as well. Geoff Mains, who wrote so tenderly in "View From a Sling," will have a novel, *Gentle Warriors*, published by Knight's Press in April. Look for an excerpted chapter from the book in *Drummer* 127.

—KJL

SIT UP AND BEG

I would be remiss if I failed to mention just how much I enjoyed Jay Shaffer's "HOUNDED" (with illustration by the incomparable Rex,) in *Drummer* number 119. The story touched on a subject near and dear to my heart, and I have jacked-off to it any number of times since the priceless issue has graced my nightstand.

Since I have been accused by friends of often failing to pay attention, it should come as no surprise that I cannot remember *Drummer* ever printing any other fiction/nonfiction works that focused on similar elements of traditionally "forbidden" sexuality. Should I be whipping out my checkbook to order back-issues I overlooked; should I be rummaging through the stacks in my closets for morsels of exotic erotica that I failed to notice while looking at all your great photos and drawings? I would be forever grateful if you could provide an index of sorts to any of your back issues that may be of SPECIAL INTEREST to me. Arf, arf.

—M. J. / Dallas, TX

You ain't nothin' but a Hound Dog! Whip out your checkbook and order a copy of Mach 8. You're sure to pant over the Harold Shaw photo spread, "Wolf-

gang and I". I can also recommend Kai's confessional, "My Five Years as a Dog" with accompanying photos by Jim Wigler, which appeared in Mach 6. These back issues are available from Desmondus at \$5.00 each, plus \$1.00 postage per magazine. Also check out *Drummer* 86, for a story called "Mutt," by Hal de Compton, and issue 98 for "A Dog's Life" and "A Weekend with Daddy," by William Kilmer.

—KJL

SLAVE SETH SPEAKS

Drummer 116 had several areas of excitement and interest for me, none of which were related to the fetish feature: Underwear. The topics which interested me are the following:

(1) Drum in the pictorial caricature got himself punished by the young man's father when the trio had to line up to receive a strapping in the barn; Drum ends by saying that it was the hottest barn dance that he ever attended.

(2) Guy Baldwin wrote in his column about "cueing" beginning in a relationship with the early training sessions and continuing with a proper understanding for action by both the bottom and top.

(3) In "Male Call" a writer-Master tells of his longevity of 14 years with slave tim, giving some details of their relationship; a reader had to feel that his slave did know his proper place in life.

(4) Also in "Male Call" a black slave

was dissatisfied with the pictorial and prose coverage in *Drummer* concerning black men in action; *Drummer* responded well to what may have had a flavor of racism; you documented much coverage of pictures and stories of blacks over the years in publishing *Drummer*. The reasons for my excitement and interest in the above topics are the following:

(A) I remembered when I was a bad boy at home in the South, my Daddy would send me out to the barn; he would take the strap from the nail where it hung and I would shuck off my well-worn jeans, bend and grab my ankles and take a good whipping from Daddy's strap. I was a bad boy and deserved his punishments frequently in our barn I remembered Daddy would say, "I need to tan your hide again, Seth!" But, that was an inside joke since my bare ass was black as coal and could never be tan. Or, another of Daddy's malapropos comments was, "Seth, I'll warm your buns 'till you have a fiery red ass!" I vividly recalled Daddy's leather strap.

(B) My Master had followed Guy Baldwin's "cueing" in my first training session; Master's single word terms sent the signal to my brain as to what was proper for me as a slave to do on cue, e.g., "Sit" means to strip naked and sit on the floor before Master; "Stand" is for me to be naked, stand before Master with my head and eyes downward in humble submission, with my arms behind my back. "Under" indicates that I should be naked and crawl under his desk and stay there until he gives the command "Up!" "Code S!" means I will be punished with his black, wide leather strap for being a bad slave. "Code W!" tells me that I will be punished with his leather braided whip. Master's other cues are related to a stern look, a pointed index finger, or holding his right ear to mean total silence and no action. I was trained well from the start and the understanding is complete on my part; in an important sense, these cues are part of Master's discipline.

(C) I understand what the "Male Call" writer-Master was explaining about longevity because my Master who is white and I as a slave, have been together for five years. This has not been easy but it has been a lasting relationship. My white Master makes his black slave know his rightful place. Our two cultures and values are so different so adjustments have been difficult but not impossible. 1,826 days together is longevity; slave tim and I are out there in real life. Furthermore, my Master disciplines "his nigger" as a white Master would have done in the 1850s in the South. But, I get what I would expect; when I am a bad slave, I get punished; Master uses his strap on my black bare ass or

lashes my black bare back with his whip. My manners and behavior must match his standards. I am well trained and well disciplined. I have not always been that way and I have come a long way in some painful years, but I have the highest respect for my white Master and his corrections. We are happy and this relationship has lasted through trials.

(D) I am like the "Male Call" black slave-writer and I often had the same points that he had to offer in his letter to *Drummer*. You explained it well and to my satisfaction. You have no racism. You have now and in the past presented black men and his number is not great in real life of this community. The black slave seems frustrated and angry and I understand this, but you have presented your defense and your case. Maybe, your writer needs to take courage, defined as that quality of mind which enables one to meet dislikes, dangers and difficulties with firmness.

I know I need courage when I have been a bad slave and I must strip off my workshirt, my jeans and my workshoes and in my small stature, stand naked in all the blackness of my flesh, before my white Master who is strong and powerful in stature. It takes courage when Master lashes my bare back with his whip in forceful cuts across my flesh or as he whips my bare ass with his leather strap in a criss-cross fashion. But, I need to be mastered and disciplined and he is my Master, a reality that I learned a long time ago.

I do not believe that we as human beings are all equal, but that a hierarchy does exist in society; balance is probably a better term for this reality, e.g., father-and-son; teacher-and-student; rich-and-poor; Master-and-slave; employer-and-employee, etcetera.

Another reality is in the good-and-bad code of ethics and the parallel with reward-and-punishment. Personally, I may be good or bad; I may receive reward or punishment. We all fit into a balance as nature has a balance.

I need the courage to properly see that I am a slave in the hierarchy; I need the domination and submission and humiliation. I need my Master who is the counter-balance for me; he dominates; he commands; he disciplines. This is not just a philosophy of life for me but reality in daily life as a slave who happens to be black, with a Master who happens to be white. (Seth is the Hebrew word meaning "appointed.") Sir, I am not a dumb nigger, but a well-educated one although a slave should not be arrogant about who he is and his qualities; I do not mean to be uppity but Master may want to use his strap on me because of these last few lines. Humbly . . .

slave-seth/Van Nuys, CA

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DRUM

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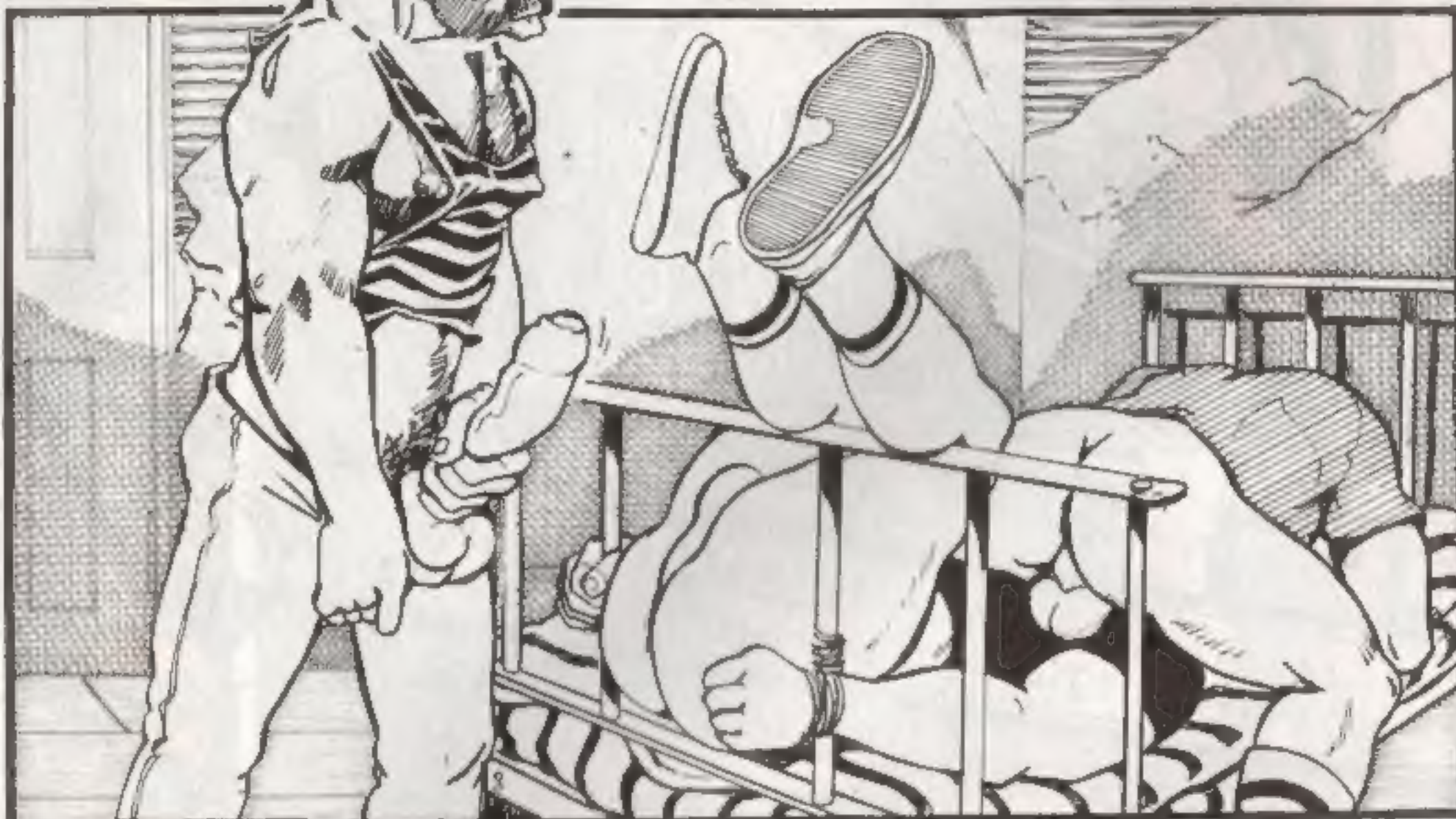
HI! THIS IS ANDY - A BARTENDER AT THE IRON-BAR! WE'VE GOT A DRUNK IN HERE TALKING REAL WILD...

... SOMETHING ABOUT HAVING A GUY TIED UP AND WHO IS GONNA HAVE THE SHIT FUCKED OUTTA HIM IF THE GUY'S DADDY DOESN'T PLAY BALL ...

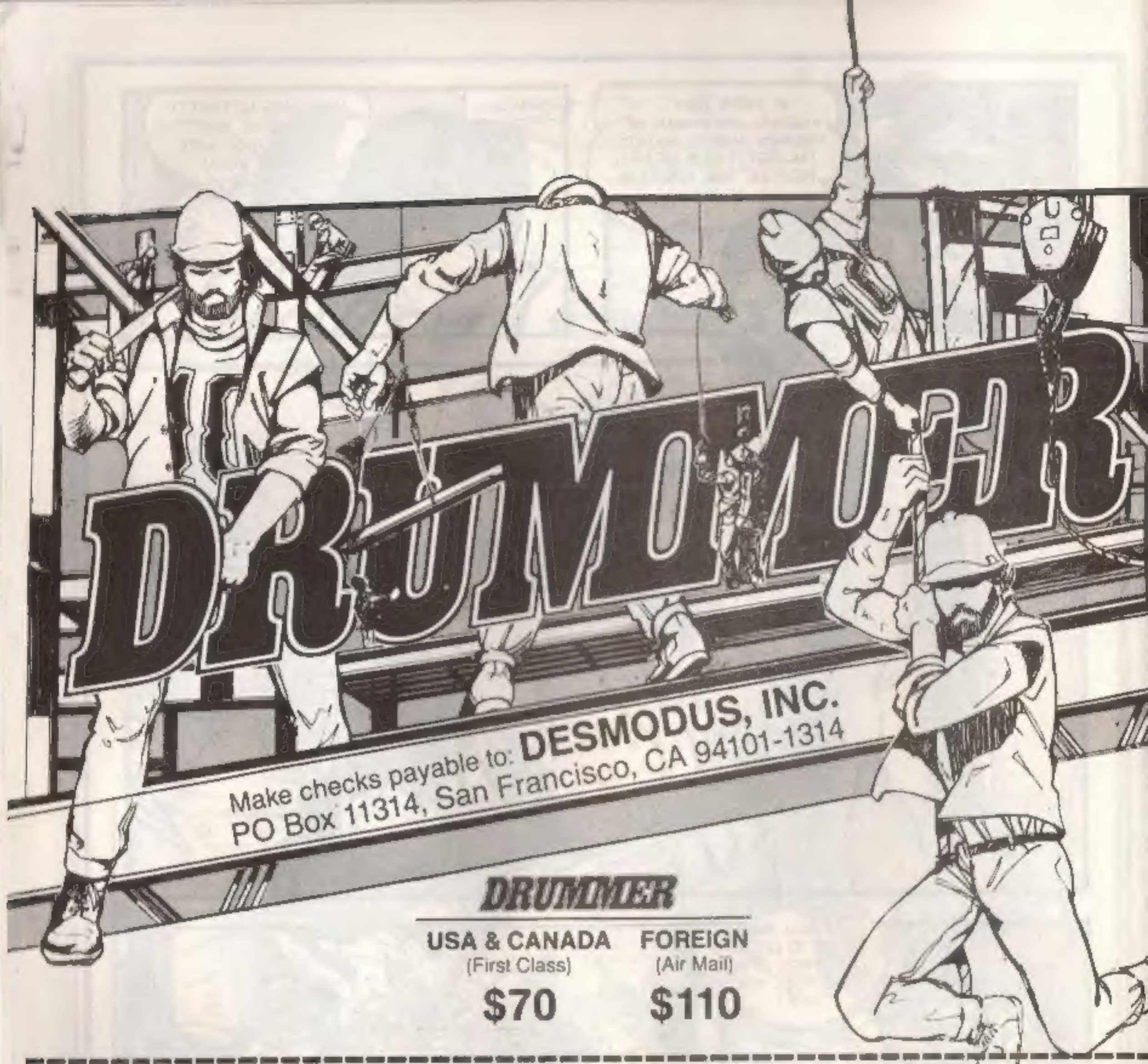
RIGHT! SEE IF YOU CAN KEEP HIM THERE! GIVE HIM PLENTY TO DRINK, I'LL PICK UP THE BILL, I'LL GET THERE SOON AS I CAN TO CHECK HIM OUT! THANKS, ANDY, I APPRECIATE THIS!







TO BE CONTINUED...



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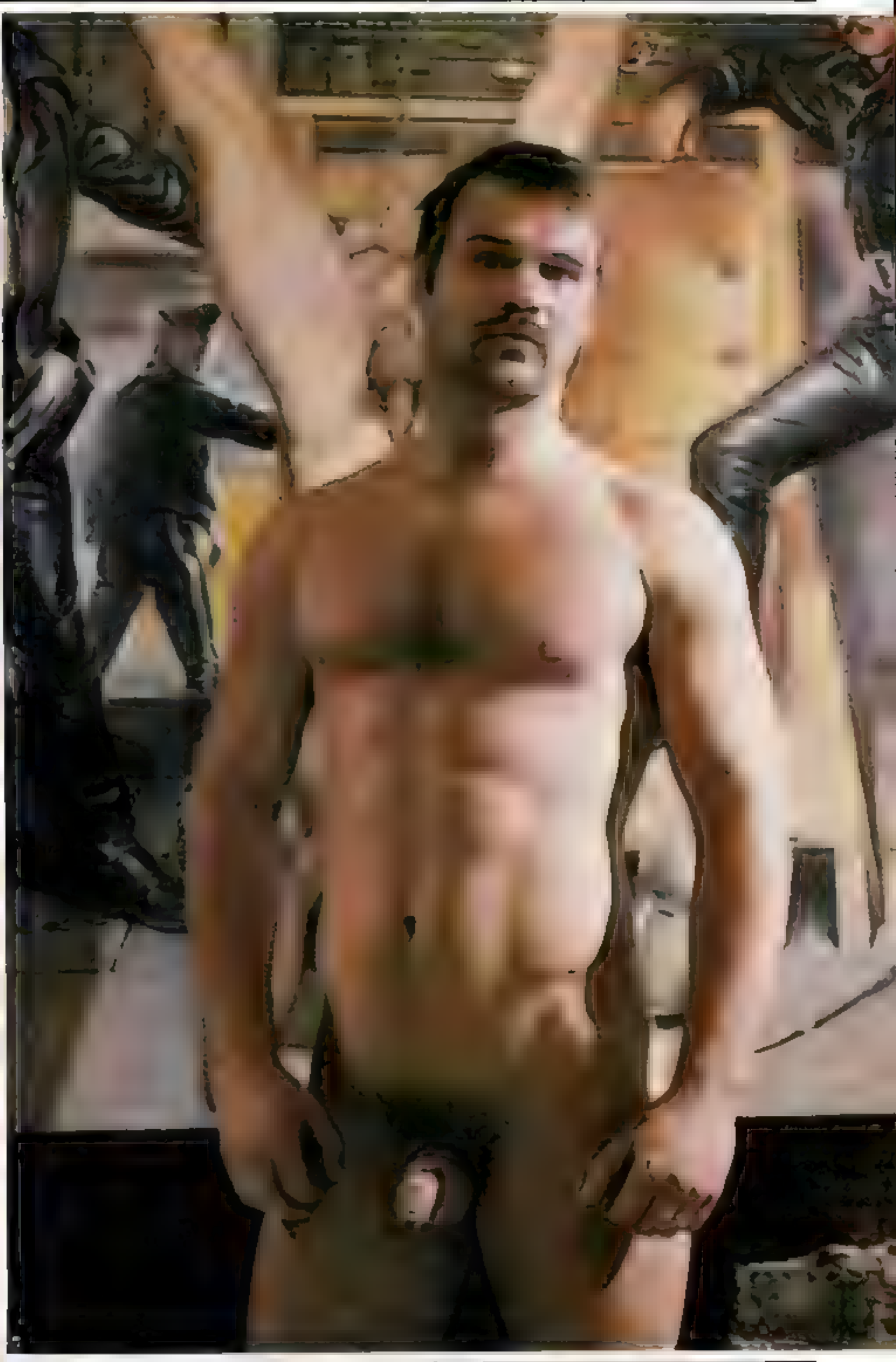
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MR. TATION FILMS

THE DUNGEONS OF EUROPE PART II AN S&M TRILOGY

LIKE MOTHS TO A FLAME



DRUMMER 125

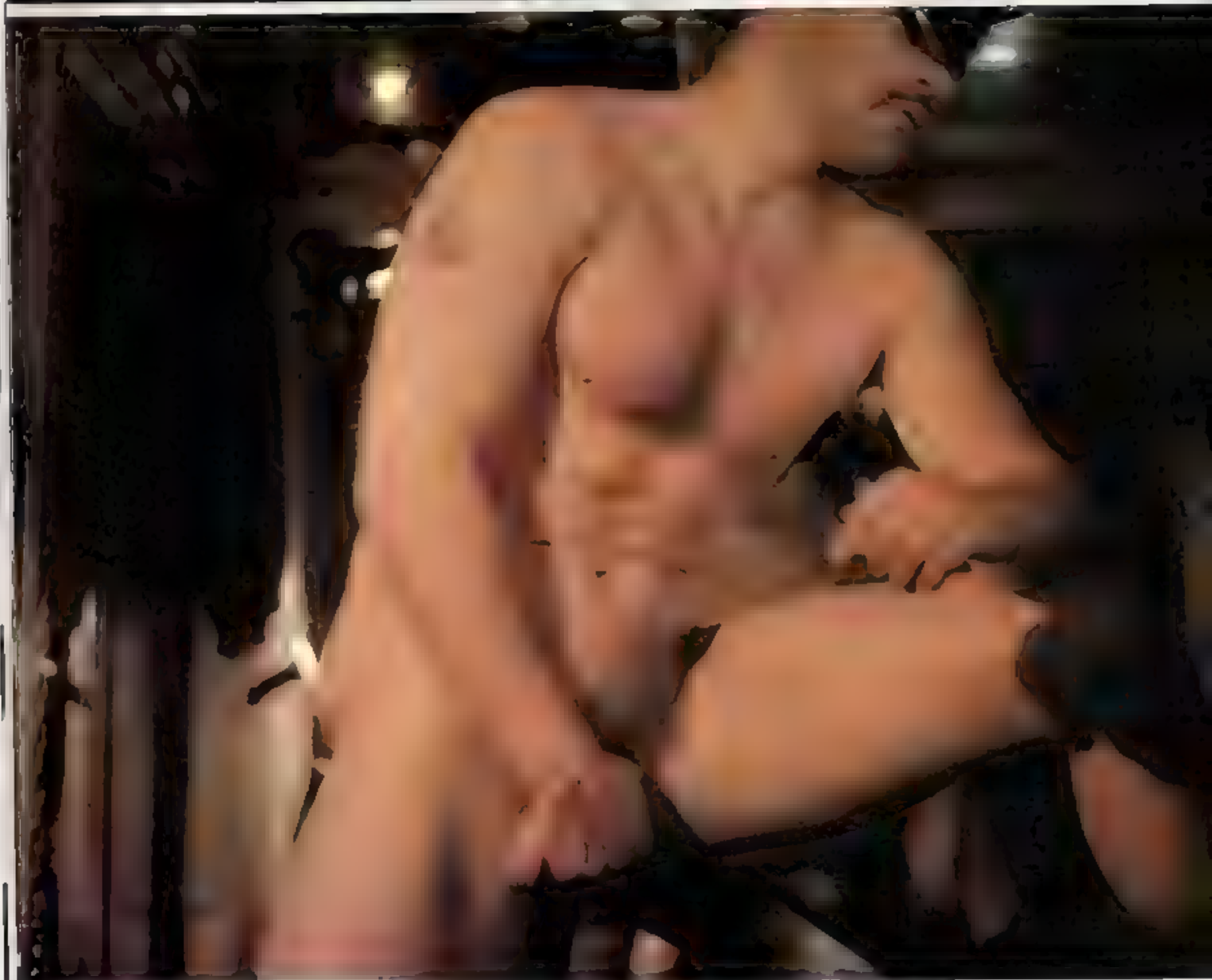
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NAKED THEY WALK

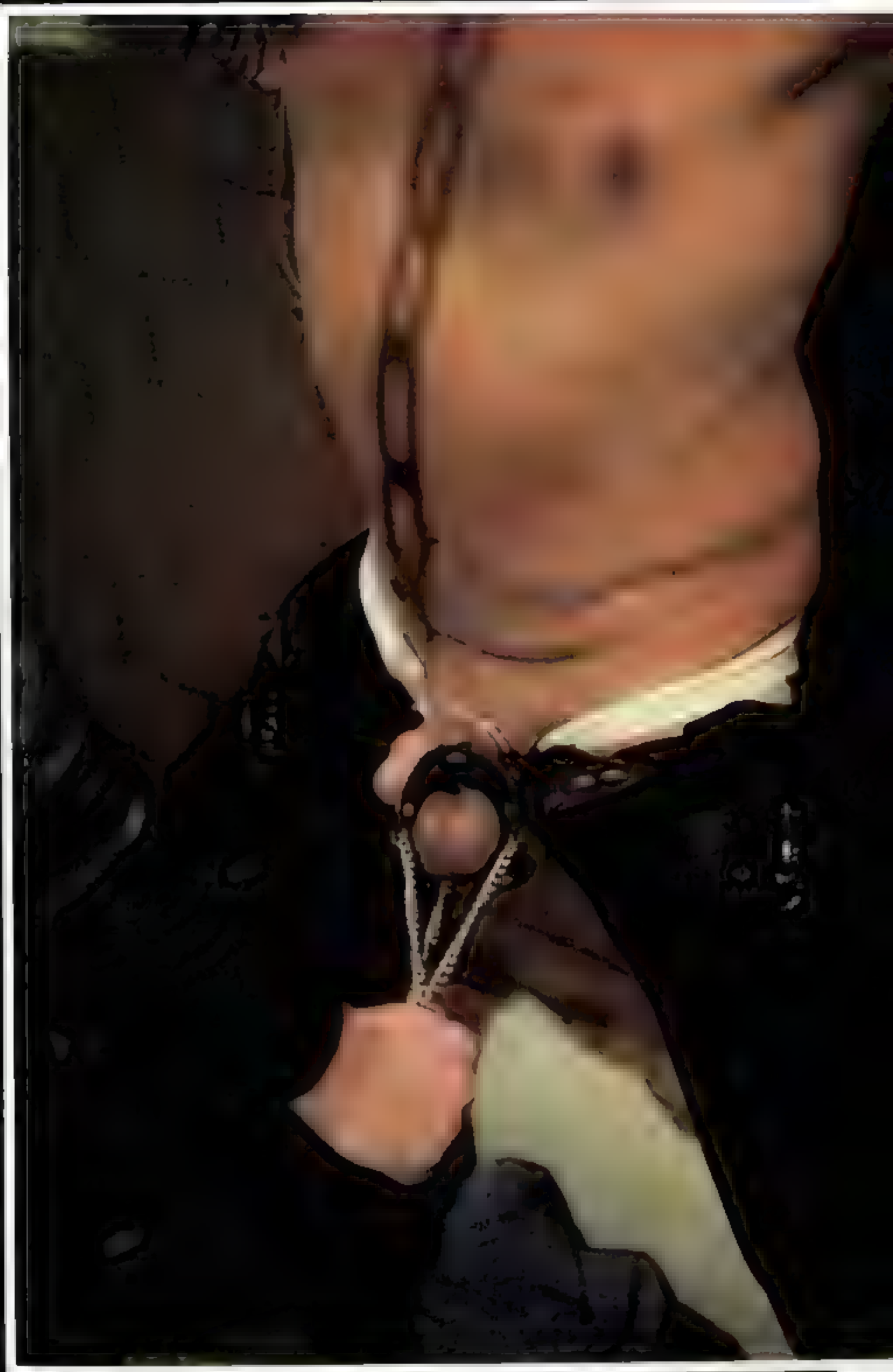


WITHOUT ANY SHAME



DRUMMER 125

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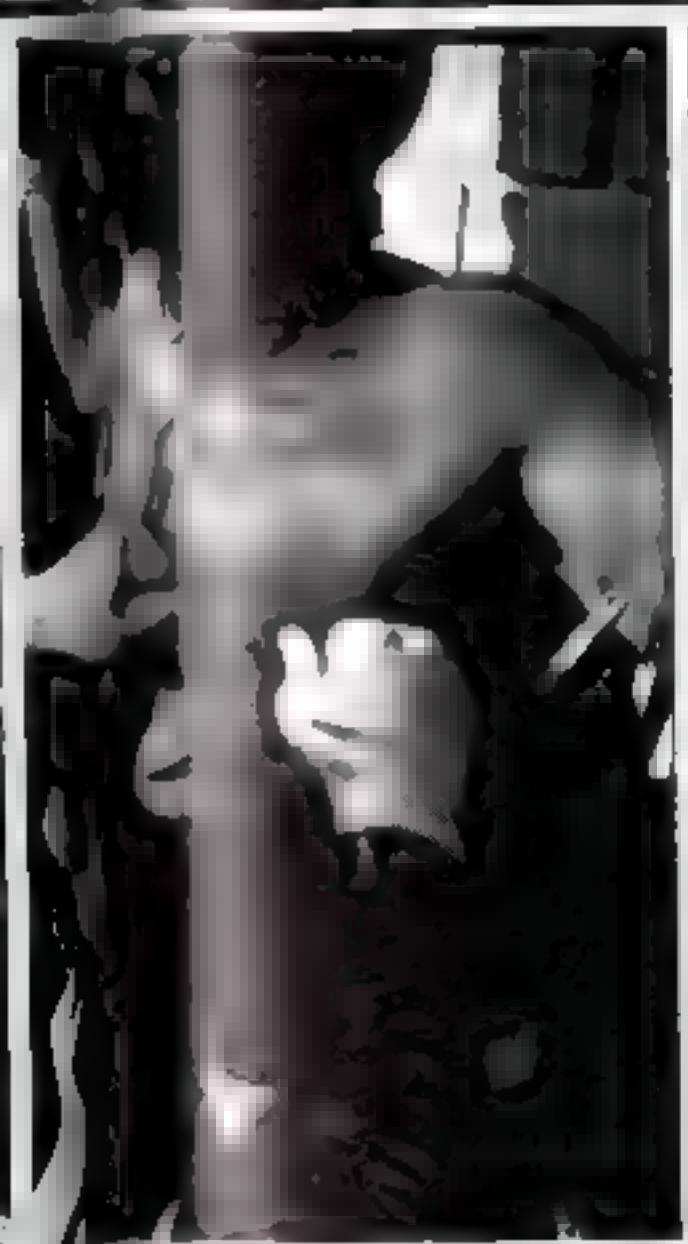


DRUMMER 125





DRAWN TOWARD THEIR MASTERS



LIKE MOTHS TO A



NAKED THEY WALK



FAME

Delivers the Goods

Thank you, Roger Earl and Terry Le Grand. Thank you, men of "Dungeons of Europe." I believe, this time, you've done it.

Like Moths to a Flame, the second installment in the "Dungeons of Europe" trilogy has just been released. And it was well worth the wait. They've served up a feast which *Drummer* readers will truly

This is an exciting, hot film, well-paced, with stunning men, some very original trips, great camera work, stimulating editing, and no contrived story line. This film is just hot action, pure and simple.

The movie opens in a Frankfurt playroom. This first segment is just an appetizer, not really long enough for my taste, but it whets the palate. In seven minutes of footage, blond hunk Christian Breesen gets quite a workout from David Schultz, who crops and paddles Breesen into a sweat.

Just when I was ready for the next stage in that scene, the film shifts to London for a little light bondage and shaving with two very hot leathered men, Dave Gregory and Ken Dearn. Gregory, the Top, likes Dearn so much that he later decides to take his boy across town for a visit with England's famous Mr. Sebastian for a few piercings and a new tattoo.

We're not talking rings in a nipple or two. How about both nipples, the belly button, a gulche (below the balls,) another ring at the base of Dearn's dick, a filth through the frenum, and a Prince Albert! I should note that these piercings are recorded with taste and performed in Mr. Sebastian's studio with great attention to sterility. Mr. Sebastian insisted on filming this in his office, according to Earl, and Earl precedes the segment with a cautionary note about piercing.

For the second course, Mr. Sebastian adds a serpent to an eagle-tattoo that already adorns Dearn's beautiful dimpled ass. Mr. Sebastian is a wonderful sight himself with dozens of intricate tattoos, piercings sprouting from every possible point of application, including an ivory bone through his nose.

Without skipping a beat, the action moves to Amsterdam, where we get the breezy glimpse of the infamous red light district before we descend with Top Ben Kent and bottom Ted DeBurin into a basement dungeon.

Kent inflicts some ingenious tit torture on a hooded DeBurin using a little fishing line (most Tops I know can't stay out of hardware stores and such.) Then he practically pulls off DeBurin's cock and balls, slowly. I even learned a little Dutch along the way, such as "Yezus Kristus!" Then it's into a sling for DeBurin, and a very hot cum scene.

After a kiss, we find ourselves back in a London playroom with the two hottest men in the

"Dungeons of Europe" series so far (to my mind,) Dick Johnson, and suspension scenes from the first "Dungeons of Europe" video, and Christian Breesen, the bottom in the first scene in *Like Moths to a Flame*.

The interaction between these two men is a feast in itself. Johnson, exciting, fascinating, and original men to ever stalk celluloid (or full body rubber suit, rubber boots, a motorcycle cap and several voraciously makes love to Breesen. First he hangs Breesen upside down, then he mummifies Breesen on a rotating table with wide tender and as ferocious as a lion hunting a herd of zebras.

If I let you discover the marvelous details of these fabulous scenes, the most exciting moment I've ever witnessed in a gay sex film, shiny rubber suit, leaps on Breesen's naked back and rides him like

spontaneous moment that reveals Johnson's complete abandon. Director Roger Earl and photographer Kevin Wolf capture the moment.

In fact, one of the things I love about this film is the solid use of lacking in *Pictures from the Black Dance*, and that film was criticized for missing some important detail shots. Detail was often for missing some important from the *Black Dance* was also *Moths to a Flame* has no such were longer, absolutely, a to post-production editor Al

Burton,

was again created by V.A.P., creates a surreal

Often, the music directly complements and moans and groans from the players. It was often difficult to tell the real clinking of chains from the added tinkling bells. Earl says this was their intent and, if so, it works. On a couple of occasions I felt V.A.P. should have toned down the synth-processed groaning. Here and there it seems misplaced and melodramatic. But these are small criticisms.

One additional note. The film begins with a statement about S. M. being "safe sex," and that this film seeks to promote this understanding. *Like Moths to a Flame* is generally true to this preface, although some viewers may differ with several demonstrations of pre-orgasmic, uncondomed dick-sucking. Otherwise, the film does a good job of demonstrating that people can have hot S. M. sex and be safe, too.

In addition to producer Terry Le Grand and associate producer Jon Otterman, acknowledgments are due several people and establishments who contributed to the "Dungeons of Europe" series. They include Larry Townsend, Maurice Stewart and Fellers of London and New York; Steve and Tony of Expectations, Brian Derbyshire; H.J.M. magazine; The Colhem, London; Schlosshotel Maonrepos, Frankfurt; Rob of Amsterdam; Charles Roden, Amsterdam; and three other Amsterdam establishments: Blue Boy, Le Boy, and the Victoria Hotel.

Gentlemen, dinner is served!

DRUMMER 123
19

who is the Top in the dentist chair. *Pictures from the Black Dance*, to a *Flame*.

is altogether one of the most video. In this case.) Attired in a chrome cock rings, he down, then spansks him in a rubber strips. Johnson is at once

yourself. Suffice to say that for is when Johnson, clad in his a bad boy on a pony. It is a to his obvious love of playing beautifully. Detail was often for missing some important from the *Black Dance* was also *Moths to a Flame* has no such were longer, absolutely, a to post-production editor Al

atmosphere, and in places and elongates playroom noises

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—Kevin Wolff □



DISCOVERY

by C. A. Slater

Art by **Burton Clarke**



found in the dark spaces.

GET TO THE POINT

Fully as possible

It had been agreed that my friend would pick me up at nine-thirty since I was to be delivered precisely at ten. So I sat there having nothing to do but spend a half an hour alone with myself and wonder who I would be when I returned. At five after nine my reverie was interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell. It was my friend, coming early to make sure I was all right; to take me for a walk instead of leaving me to fret. We talked for a few minutes, until he was assured that I was as settled as I could be and then we left. It was a pleasant evening and as we walked he suggested that we drop in on an artist friend of his whose work he thought I would appreciate.

"John knows we might drop by and time is no problem; our ultimate destination is nearby," he said.

As we walked he talked about John, describing him as one of the best stained glass artists in the city; telling me how his sensitivity and strength showed in his work. Soon we were climbing the stairs of a stately Victorian, the door to one of the flats was opened and introductions were being made. As we settled ourselves with wine and a discussion of art the part of me that was leaning toward ten o'clock saw all that was happening as a scene from a Fellini film. It was all somehow unreal, yet more real than compared to what lay before me. Nonetheless I found myself being drawn into the conversation and towards John. His voice was like his art, gentle yet firm and sure, all reflected in a Montana drawl. He had a confidence about himself which was expressed by his steady eye contact when he spoke to me, and by the ease with which he moved and rested in his muscular, six foot four body. There was something compelling about his face—strong jaw, full lips, dark brown eyes surrounded by laugh and brown lines, short dark brown wavy hair and a carefully trimmed full beard. It was the face of a man who was truly alive. As he sat there, his huge body comfortable settled in a leather armchair, smiling and talking, I found myself thinking that were it not for the dark spaces in me I would seek out this man (or one like him,) to share a part of my life with. Those thoughts brought back an awareness of the dark spaces and a concern about the time. At that moment John got up and excused himself for a minute.

I glanced nervously at the clock, lit a cigarette, and mentioned to my friend that it was getting late. "Don't worry, we have a little time yet. We'll be on our way as soon as John gets back," he said.

Just then I heard (or maybe only sensed) movement in the doorway. When I looked up John was standing there, towering over me as I sat immobile on the couch. The bill of his cap cast a shadow over his eyes, his full mouth was barely smiling; a heavy leather jacket embraced the upper part of his body, hanging open to reveal a muscular chest covered with a thick mat of hair; and black leather pants encased his powerful legs like a second skin. He stood there, perfectly still but not rigid, his heavy leather boots planted firmly on the floor. I looked across the room to my friend and breathed a silent "Thank you. When you said He was a true Master I should have known He would be like this."

Then John walked over to me, looked down from his full height and said, "Would you like to see My playroom?" in a tone of voice that brought with it the question into a command.

I don't know how long I sat there, mute, overwhelmed with terror and hearing the question, "How will you survive if you say 'Yes' and then disappoint Him?" pounding away in my skull. Slowly, despite my terror, I looked up, nodded my head yes and stood, waiting—waiting for Him to take me to anywhere that suited Him.

John turned and walked out of the room, having said, "Come." I followed him out the back door and down a steep winding dark stairway to the basement. At the bottom of the steps I was directed to walk straight ahead, further into the darkness, and with each step I felt more vulnerable. Finally I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Stop." We were next to a door, which he opened.

"Step down." I walked into a room that was more than a room, it was another reality, a dream come true—a temple or a purgatory. I was two or three steps into that room when I heard the door being closed and locked behind me.

There is no way to describe the reality of what I saw. All I can put down now is that I was in a room that was dark, with a ceiling of

a rich dark wood, and dimly lit by candles held in wrought iron holders. The ceiling was marked by heavy wood beams with chains and pulleys attached. In one corner there was a sink, a toilet, shelves that were stacked with towels, lubricants, cups, clothespins, razor items I couldn't make out, and a cassette deck that was playing a throbbingly intense electronic music. Along the wall opposite me were two wood frame armchairs with leather seats and backs, and a small wood table between them. Hanging from hooks along another wall were whips, cuffs, dildoes, hoods, cockrings, weights, straps, ropes, and more items that I didn't understand. The center of the room was dominated by a huge table, three-and-a-half feet high, four feet wide, eight feet long, resting on a four foot square base. Its top was completely covered with black leather. At each corner of the table there was a chain that ran to hooks in the overhead beams. I had only a moment to take all this in when my attention was distracted.

John had silently moved up behind me and was standing so close I could sense his breathing even though we weren't touching. As I felt my breath catch and my knees go weak he reached around me with both arms, his right hand holding my left hip and his left hand pressing my right ribcage, drawing me to him. From that contact I drew the strength for a firm stance—a stance that said I would remain there forever—and my body yielded itself to him, saying that I was his. Slowly, easily, I felt myself being lifted until my head was against his shoulder and my feet were clear of the floor. I reached back and placed my hands against his thighs, using my body's strength to let him know that I would work with him on the journey we were about to take.

I felt his thigh muscles tense as he walked around the table to the other side of the room. Each step that he took fed the fear in me and a voice in my head kept chanting "What if you fail?" He stopped before the chairs and lowered me until my feet touched the floor. Just as I myself approaching the edge of panic his lips brushed my ear.

"Don't be afraid. I only want to use you and teach you. Stay with Me and be open to Me—I'll help you—and we'll get to where we are meant to be. If at any point the fear becomes too great and you need My help, simply say My name. Otherwise you will address Me as Sir. Do you understand—and do you trust Me?"

"Yes Sir, I trust you more than I trust myself."

With that He turned me around and, holding my face with massive hands He lowered His mouth to mine—slowly, tantalizingly until I ached with hunger for the taste of Him. He touched my lips with the tip of His tongue while exerting a steady pressure on the back of my neck, indicating that it was time for me to assume the proper position—on my knees before Him, the moment I was when He wanted me. He stepped forward. Still holding my head He ground his crotch into my face. Feeling the outline of His cock I lost control, opening my mouth wide to caress Him with lips and tongue. The holiness of my breath, or possibly the pleasure of a new slave, or maybe an awareness of His own power began to affect Him, still holding His cock.

"You want that, don't you?"

"Oh, God, yes," I moaned.

"Yes, Sir," I heard as I felt the sting of His slap on my face.

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. Stay with Me; no matter what happens, stay with Me. I like that! You're Mine now, you belong to Me. This is what you will be owned and used, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sir," I whispered.

Louder.

"YES, SIR!"

"Good. Look at Me!" Lifting my head, my heart ached as my eyes lost contact with Him.

"What are you? Right this minute, kneeling in front of Me with your head down."

"I want to say, 'Anything You want me to be,' and I'm afraid to, I say that and fail, then I've lied." He looked deep into my eyes and I knew deeply that I could feel Him penetrate to my soul.

"Down go further down. Don't stop until you can go no further."

saying He lifted His hands from me. I lowered myself until I was lying face down on the floor, my head next to His left boot. Inside myself I also sank, deeper and deeper, until I was in my dark spaces.

He caressed me with His voice as He said

"you have a power, the power to give and surrender, the power to let go. Listen to yourself. Hear the voice whispering deep inside you. That voice will tell you that I'm right. Believe that voice. Believe Me Now, what are you?"

This time I knew that I could say it and know it was true.

"Anything You want me to be, Sir," As I spoke His boot inched forward until it touched my face.

"Lick it," As I tongued His boot I heard a zipper opening.

"Kneel up," He commanded.

I raised myself onto my knees. He used one hand to free His cock and cover it with a rubber, while His other hand clamped itself to the back of my neck. Once free His cock seemed to pulse. Very slowly I leaned forward to see if He would allow me the privilege of taking Him in my mouth. As I felt the press of His hand encouraging me on I slowed my breathing, focused on my lips, tongue and throat—vowing to express all that I was feeling in the way I touched Him. First I took only the cap in, letting it rest against the warm moistness of my mouth. Then I began to rotate my tongue, sliding the tip under the ridge to moisten my lips. Focusing myself I used my breath to relax my throat muscles. My mouth began its descent, my lips firmly holding Him while my tongue swirled and stroked along the underside. Finally I had taken all that I could. "God, He's huge," I thought. I have fairly good control of my throat muscles, but even relaxing as much as possible my lips were still two inches from the base. He pulled back a bit as His hand exerted a firmer control on the back of my head.

"you'll take it. Just like I want, you'll take it all, deep. It will gag you, choke you, but you'll take it." As He spoke His hands moved from my Head to my nipples. He took hold of them; pinching, pulling. As I began to moan He started thrusting His cock in my mouth, going deeper with each stroke.

"Yeah, that's good. Open up. Take it all."

One of His hands reached up and grabbed my neck, pressing me against Him as He rammed His cock to its full length down my throat. At first I was amazed that I would take it all, then, since my breath was cut off I began to choke. I held fast a while longer—wanting so desperately to please Him—until, against my will, I began to struggle. He held me a bit longer, letting me struggle uselessly against Him before releasing His hold. As I eased back until just the cap was in my mouth He stroked my neck with one hand, and with the other traced the tears that were streaming down my face.

"I'm sorry—I'm sorry," I moaned, so ashamed for having fought.

"you did fine, you're a good cocksucker, one of the best. Look at how hard I am—because of you. Now, stand up and get those clothes off so I can get a good look at you."

I stood and began to strip. Stealing a glance in His direction I could see Him standing there, milking His cock as He watched me with an intensity that was searing. Once my clothes were off I stood perfectly still, arms hanging at my sides, head bent, eyes cast down. "What does He think of me?" I wondered. "Do I please Him?" There was no way to know the answer and no way to ask. I could only wait and see if He would touch me again—or send me away.

Suddenly, without any warning He grabbed my shoulders, spun me around and bent me face down across the table. I felt the strength of His hands as He explored me; along my back, down to my ass, spreading my ass open, down to my thighs and spreading them, cupping my crotch. His hands travelled to my hips and I felt Him pressing against me; hard smooth cock resting between my legs, the hardness of His body and the smoothness of the leather against my ass and thighs. A shudder ran through me as I pushed myself back against him.

"Please," I said, "use me—anything—just let me be Yours."

"All right," He said, "let's see how far you can go."

With that He took hold of my shoulders, bringing me up and around to stand with my back against the table. Reaching out He slid one arm around my shoulders and the other under my legs, lifting me

"Very slowly I leaned forward to see if He would allow me the privilege of taking Him in my mouth. As I felt the press of His hand encouraging me on I slowed my breathing, focused on my lips, tongue and throat—vowing to express all that I was feeling in the way I touched Him. 'you'll take it. Just like I want, you'll take it.' As I began to moan He started thrusting His cock in my mouth, going deeper with each stroke. 'Yeah, that's good. Open up. Take it all.'"



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Discovery

onto the table, stretching me out along its length. Moving smoothly and swiftly He fastened cuffs on my wrists and ankles, securing cuffs to the chains at the table's corners. I lay there spread taut, unable to move, feeling like a sacrifice. "And why not?" I thought, "Right now He is my God."

He moved away from the table and for a short while I was left alone with myself. I closed my eyes, feeling joy and wonder that this was really happening, then my attention was drawn to the sound of a match being struck. I opened my eyes to see Him lighting a candle. First I was lost in the sight of him, until the thought struck me: "my God. He's going to burn me. No, that's the one thing I can't stand." But, just as I was about to speak His name I really saw him, saw the peace and joy in His eyes, saw Him with love and knew that I could not deny Him. Now was a time of testing and learning. Now was the beginning of discovering whether or not my dark spaces were real.

He leaned down and kissed me, hard, His lips grinding against mine; His tongue probing deep into my mouth. As He drew away He said, "Now you'll learn to give," and as He said it the first drop of wax hit my belly. Slowly He trailed the candle in an intricate pattern, dripping hot wax on my belly, nipples, thighs, and crotch. I twisted against the restraints, my head tossed back and forth, moans and gasps escaped my throat. He kept it up, now following the path of the wax with His other hand, kneading and twisting my flesh. Words began to break from my lips and still He continued until I heard what I was saying—until I began to realize that I was saying, "Yes," and raised myself up to Him. When He saw that I had heard myself He blew out the candle, continuing to explore my body with His hands.

He caressed my nipples, squeezed my throat, then slid His hands along my arms to my wrists. There was a clicking sound and the head of the table dropped away, my head falling back with it. His cock stood out above my face and I pulled my head up and tongued it. I worshipped Him by pleasuring His cock; I felt my nipples being pinched, harder and harder. When He lifted His hands I could still feel the pressure and knew there were clips on my nipples.

He walked around the table and reached for my ankles. Again there was the clicking sound as the foot of the table dropped away, leaving my legs suspended by the chains. Stepping between my legs He stroked my genitals and ass; kneading, probing, pulling, and stretching.

I knew that He was going to take me and I knew that it would work. In the past it had taken much effort to relax my ass. But this time, with Him, I would think myself open and knew I would be. My hunger for Him would do the rest.

As His cock pressed against the opening I breathed deeply; my body softened, the softening flowing through me as He slid home. He grabbed my hips as He thrust into me with all His strength, I flexed my legs, giving Him fuller access to the deepest part of me. He pounded His cock into me with the strength that was His passion and the control that was His power.

"Look up," He said.

Above me was a mirror and in it I saw—I saw us. The sight drove me into a frenzy. I grabbed the chains in my hands, pulling the upper part of my body off the table. I looked into His eyes, rotating my pelvis, milking His cock with my ass. I wanted to feed Him, to provide with all the pleasure and service He required—and I wanted to consume Him, to feel Him permeating every particle of my being.

I love You. I worship You. This is my chapel and You are my God. His joy showed itself in the fullness of His smile. He knew He was mine. What was yet before us was my opportunity to prove my love. What did I truly have to give; which might differ from what I wanted to give, but was, nonetheless what I was capable of.

As His smile emerged He slowed His thrusting, finally stopping altogether and pulling out of me. Placing one hand on my belly He let it rest there. With His other hand He unhooked His belt and pants, starting to lower them, with each inch exposing more of His magnificent body. Then He lifted His hand from me and stepped back, leaving me with neither the touch nor the sight of him. I was overcome by my sense of isolation.

Eventually—minutes, hours, I don't know as my time sense became totally distorted by my need—He stepped back into my line of vision.

saw that He had removed His pants, revealing legs that were like tree trunks. His cock stood straight out from His body, showing me that His passion was still with Him

Walking to the head of the table He climbed on it, straddling my face and saying, "OK, baby. Work that mouth. Tongue Me, suck Me. Make My ass feel good. Show Me what you're feeling."

Before me was the tender, sensitive opening. From this close proximity I could see that His butt was encased in briefs of tight, thin transparent latex which molded their way into the cleft.

I breathed a prayer of thanks for His knowledge and care. Had He not been covered what would I have done? Part of me—the part that was enthralled with him, that was abandoned to a need to give Him all—would have wanted to go ahead, licking, sucking, tasting, pleasuring. Yet, the part of me, who knew that ultimately my gift to Him was the gift of myself also knew the gift was valueless if I did not treat myself with care and respect. Knowing all this He had resolved the difficulty for me, allowing me to abandon myself to His service.

Lifting my head I opened my mouth and extended my tongue. First using the flat of my tongue I licked the edges of His hole, moistening the area and savoring the feel of the lines and folds of His flesh. Firming my tongue and probing with it I discovered that the covering extended inside Him, allowing me access to His hot, tender center. I slid my tongue inside, stretching as far as possible past the opening to the smooth inner walls as He bore down, giving me greater access. Again I felt myself lost in delight until I became aware of the pain in my nipples.

The clips He had placed on them earlier were still there. With the passage of time my nipples had numbed—had adapted to the steady pressure. Now He was twisting the clips, reawakening the pain.

In ages past a Saint, writing about her ecstatic experiences had said that "...the soul feels a desire stronger than ever to endure again the love-pain she has just experienced." Now, after having felt for myself the agony of losing contact with one's God, I understood what her words meant. So I tilted both my body and soul, reaching out for the pain, and with each shock I drove my tongue deeper into Him.

Suddenly an agonizing bolt shot through me from my nipples. My head fell back as I screamed. He was pulling the clips off; slowly, steadily, extending the agony into infinity.

Once they were off He held the palms of His hands against my chest. My screams slowly subsided until they were nothing more than muffled sobs, which in time became sobs of joy... joy because I had not once thought of trying to stop Him.

Lifting Himself off the table He looked at me and smiled. Our eyes locked and for a brief moment I felt our souls joined. It was then that I knew the value of my life. The joys and pains, the triumphs and failures, the significant and frivolous had all been preparation for this moment. Never again would I wonder if there was a reason for my being alive. The reason was now clear, and oh, so simple: it was to live as fully as possible.

He raised my head and gave me a sip of wine, then unchained one of my hands and gave me a cigarette.

"Rest for a bit. We have plenty of time and I don't want you worn out before I'm through with you. How do you feel?"

"Stunned, shocked. Is all this real? Mostly I'm contented and happy at finally discovering that I am who I thought I was."

"Who is that?"

"Someone who does know how to give and surrender."

"You sound proud."

"I am. I'm beginning to believe in myself."

"You have a right to be proud."

"Thank You, both for saying it and for being someone with whom I can team it."

"Thank Me when I let you go—if you still want to then. Now, put out your cigarette. There's more I want from you and you have a lot more to give."

I lay there chained to the table, listening to Him say that He wanted more from me, and the twin faces of fear and anticipation danced within my mind. There was no turning back and therein lay the spark of my excitement—for real surrender is to go forward in the face of

"He grabbed my hips
as He thrust into me
with all His strength.
I flexed my legs,
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access to the
deepest part of me.
He pounded His cock
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strength that was
His passion and the
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power. 'Look up,' He
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frenzy. I wanted to
consume Him, to feel
Him permeating
every particle of my
being. 'I love you. I
worship you. This is
my chapel and You
are my God.'"

He realized that it was not pain that I sought but the certain knowledge that I could give myself in spite of the pain that I had the strength to descend into and move through the pain thereby transforming it to ecstasy. Understanding this I held my free hand out to Him.

"I'm ready to go with You—to give You all that I am."

He took my hand in His, the contact emphasizing the flow of energy between us. His grip on my hand grew tighter while His other hand moved toward my face. His palm rested against my cheek and one finger traced the outline of my lips. The force of His grip on my hand moved to my throat grasping it. The pressure between us until both breath and words were cut off. Keeping my eyes closed, I His mouthed, "I trust You," although no sound came from

"I know you do," he said.

Releasing His hold He refastened my free hand and rest his hand behind him. Then I saw something black approach my face. Holding my jaw He forced my mouth open. He pulled the straps of the bag from the back of my neck.

Take a look at yourself. Do the things you've been doing above your head? Have you let your pride keep you from coming to Jesus? Have you allowed yourself to be "you've given up the last vestige of your old self." Your bondage is complete. Physically you're open, but spiritually you can't say My Name even if you wanted to. That's why when it happens you can't turn back. All you can do is go forward. You can't do it by you and on your own strength. Or you can let Jesus do it for you. Let Him let you go!"

My whole body trembled, every nerve was on its head, "No," marking a commitment to him, to myself.

He stepped away from the table and I heard water splash. As it may seem, I didn't wonder what he was doing. It just happened (see). I didn't think about anything. I was

The sound of the water stopped and He walked past me and took something to the foot of the table. I felt Him touch my ass and penetrate it, my asshole relaxed as He slid in and out, twisting. Then I was being filled with extreme heat and I felt He wasn't His finger in me.

He worked the tube further and further up my ass as more and more water flowed into me. The combined reactions of my body and mind were a mass of confusion; my asshole clenched tight in an attempt to clamp the water, while I worked at relaxing my belly muscles, trying to figure out what would result if my asshole relaxed too.

I seemed to be faced with an impossible task, yet I had to do it. I could either stretch my abilities, impose cramps on myself, or I could be ashamed about my body's secretions. No matter what choice I made, the result would be exposure to previously unexplored territory. I have asked Him to teach me. He was doing just that. Making my decision, I tensed myself, enduring the resulting cramps which were so intense that I was unaware of His sliding the tube out of my

That knowledge broke through when His belt landed with a sharp crack against the back of my thighs. Again and again the belt landed, each blow rhythmically paced and just a slight bit harder than the one before. The effect was like a ritual drumbeat, guiding all those exposed to it into a trance state of both heightened awareness and detachment. I felt each blow as it burned my flesh; I heard myself scream; I felt my muscles twitch and dance—yet all the while I also stood outside of myself learning more. I learned that I could be simultaneously tensed and relaxed just by letting it happen. And the blows of the belt went on and on until I shifted from thinking to knowing.

Dropping the belt He put on a rubber, stepped between my legs and entered me. This time His movements were smooth and graceful like a dance in which He was leading me higher and higher. One of His hands rested on my belly causing me to experience my fullness as something warm and exciting. His other hand rested against my crotch as He lightly drummed His fingers against my sex, not me to the dance of His cock within me. Higher and higher I flew riding on the wings of His possession of me.

"Yeah, baby. Come! Fly! Let go! Come for Me. Come for Me with

your ass full of a—that hot water—put there Milk My cock—but do
least a drop of water you can do it.”

His voice and words paired me a long, lifting me so high that when happened, I didn't feel my climax. It was my climax. I exploded, and then I dissolved.

Once my orgasm was finished He eased out of me. my asshole contracted some of the water leaked out, and i crashed back to earth.

Back to the realities of my limitations: the cramps in my belly, the loss of control. Reaching up, he removed the gag, looked at me, and chuckled.

"Having cramps?"

Figure 1

"Would you like to sit on My throne?"

First Set

He unhooked the chains, helped me off the table and led me to the toilet in the corner. The minute I sat down a torrent of water rushed from my bowels and for the first time since I had entered that room I wanted to run. But the flow of water pouring from my ass bound me where I sat. So instead I ran away in my mind by closing my eyes and letting my body slump into a posture that felt less exposed. Like a cat I hunched myself as much as possible and pretended that I was tucked in and safe.

His voice broke through my defenses. "Look at Me!"

He was sitting directly in front of me, on the corner of the table. One hand rested at the base of His cock. It was fully engorged and seemed reminded me of His needs. I knew He would let me run if that was what I really wanted – and I knew that running would be the ultimate failure. If I truly sought to give myself completely I would have to be willing to face my moments of weakness and shame.

My head high, I looked straight into his eyes, my face flush, my breathing grew shallow, and still I looked at him.

How do you feel? Not better yet, you just keep watching Me look at you. What are you trying to do, isn't it?"

couldn't say "Yes," unable to speak.

...you'll do it anyway, even if it is hard, cause it's what I want. And I want you to do it most of all, to please Me."

I + the + the and the harder it was to not look away.

STAY BY THE WAY, though, the way (lean yourself and come over here."

I did as He instructed. As I stood before Him He took my right hand and placed it against His cock, His hand remaining on mine. Then He took my left hand and I held it against His face.

And I may say to you, "feeling used and vulnerable, you're probably right." But you say to me, "All you can give. That's not true! There are more things I can do for you; you can take them. I need you to."

"I might as well not tell him that I need to give You what You want
You say I have to give then it must be true."

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He drew a thick hood on me. Soft black leather completely as a hood covering over my face to just across my nose. He placed my shoulders and He guided me several steps forward. Sliding the iron restraints to the cuffs on my wrists, pulling me up, by the cuff, until I was stretched straight and tall. He secured the bondage was both reassuring and terrifying.

Suddenly without my warning, I felt a streak of fire across my back. Almost before I could react He struck again, so that the scream I came to make, from my throat at the moment of the second blow was more a continuation of the initial one. Blow after blow landed in rapid succession, faster twenty times the whip struck — until I was balanced on the edge of insanity. Just as I reached the point where one more stroke of the whip would have certainly pushed me over the edge — when I was teetering on the brink of non-existence —

Warm hands lightly stroked my back gently applying a soothing oil, and I began to cry. Lord, what an inadequate word that is. I sure that I cried like that at the moment of my birth, an encompassing flow of pure feeling. As His hands stroked me, as tension flowed out of me with my tears, I came back from the edge.

This time I was prepared for the whip—He had prepared me by trailing it lightly over my shoulder and down my back. I breathed deeply and let go of any last vestiges of resistance. And the magical caress of leather lashes kissing and blessing my flesh began.

This time He used that mystical, hypnotic technique of rhythmical blows. Steadily, slowly, the intensity and strength increased—a slight increase after each ten or twenty blows. On and on it went. Never once did the rhythm falter. Something liquid began to trickle down my back. Sweat? Blood? I didn't know. I didn't care. Still He continued. Finally, after an unknown number of blows—fifty, a hundred, five hundred—I recognized that all the strength, power, and need in Him was behind each swing of His arm. In a small corner of my mind I heard Him—heavy, ragged breathing punctuated by an occasional moan.

And the blackest darkness I had ever known descended upon me. It was a blackness that had temperature and texture; it was warm velvet. At the point that I could conceive of nothing blacker, I saw, in my mind's eye, a burst of warm gold light, so bright it should have been blinding (although it wasn't), ringed by a corona of pure cobalt blue. It was a vision of a star going nova. Then the blackness washed over it and me.

When I regained consciousness, I found that I had been released, lowered to the floor, and the hood had been removed. Using what I believed to be my last morsel of energy I raised my head. John was there, sprawled in one of the chairs, watching me as He pulled on His cock. Crooking a finger He indicated that He wanted me to come to Him.

There was only two feet of space separating us. Can I do it? Is it possible that somewhere inside me there is a reserve of strength that I am unaware of? How can I do it? Silent tears slid down my face as I mouthed the words, "I can't," over and over. Watching me a look of sorrow and pain crossed His face. It was a look that told me what I needed to know in order to find the strength to do as He asked.

It is an act of cruelty to demand the impossible. But, it is an act of love to demand that a person give all. "He is not a cruel man," I thought, and used that understanding as an untapped source of strength, enabling me to close the distance between us. It was a slow and painful process—crawling across the floor to Him as I realized that my limits were based only on my own perceptions of myself.

Reaching Him, sitting at His feet, seeing the look of sorrow and pain leave His face, I experienced a sense of peace—the peace that comes from self-knowledge and understanding.

"May I?" I asked, reaching toward His cock.

"Oh yeah. Do it. I need it," He whispered.

Spying a rubber on the small table, I slipped it on Him. Kneeling up and leaning over Him I made love to Him with my mouth and hands. Understanding how strong I really was allowed me to caress Him slowly, sensuously, lovingly—caring only that whatever I did would give Him maximum pleasure. Unconcerned with how long it would take there was no need to rush him. And He relaxed into it, knowing He had all the time that He wanted and needed.

Time stood still while my lips, tongue and hands worked their magic. Then, eventually, the tension began to build. I felt it first in His thigh muscles. As the tension built within Him I followed it, developing and maintaining a steady rhythm. Cupping His balls with one hand, pressing my other hand at the base of His cock, I lifted and lowered my head—sliding my mouth up and down the full length of the shaft and lapping the underside with the flat of my tongue. The tension reached His dick, increasing the engorgement. His balls pulled up tight to His body, His breath came in gasps, His cock throbbed—and I was blessed with the ferocity of His final thrusts. Plunging my head down, taking Him all the way in, I alternately contracted and relaxed my throat and lips in time to the pulse of His climax.

When He was finished I allowed my body to relax, resting my head on His thigh as I gently held His soft cock in my mouth. With one hand He lightly stroked my head. For a while we just sat there, being together.

Then it was time for me to leave. He was gentle and kind in His

only a part of me came back as I saw there was no clear division.

Then His hands were no longer on my body. Yet in spite of the absence of physical contact I felt joined to him, immersed in Him, possessed by him.

In a manner of telling me, but the message was clear. We had accomplished what we had come together to do.

I dressed feeling a sense of sadness, knowing I didn't want to leave, knowing I didn't want to let go of the feeling of peace that came from sitting at His feet. Still there was no denying that all of His choices had been the right ones—and as I dressed and walked home I trusted that His decision to send me away was also right.

Once home I went right to bed and sleep swept over me immediately. As I slept I turned, occasionally ending in a position that put pressure on one (or more) of the bruises on my body. Whenever that happened I would drift up from the depths of my sleep, feel the soreness, think of Him—and pressing the tender area harder against the mattress I would slide back into a deep sleep while holding a picture of Him in my mind.

Waking with the early morning sun I knew immediately that there was something different about me. Sitting in the quiet serenity of my home I meditated on the difference. As I saw more clearly the change that occurred I began to write.

Dear Sir

Although this letter may not appear to be as important to me as I would like it to be, I have written it for you. You are the only person I know who is capable of understanding me. I have tried to tell you how I feel, but I have never been able to do so. I have tried to tell you how I feel, but I have never been able to do so. I have tried to tell you how I feel, but I have never been able to do so.

You are amazing. Had I been given the chance to become a perfect Master for my first experience my creation would have been You. Last night, through You, I discovered spaces in myself that I have long hoped existed. There were moments when I loved You, worshipped You, feared You. I truly knew what it is to give, to joyfully surrender myself to another. There was a voice singing inside me and I knew that You could do anything to me, demand anything from me.

You gave me a great gift last night. In truth more than one gift. Through You, because of the kind of Man and Master that You are, I found a space where I can begin to know myself as someone who is able to surrender. You showed me the power that I possess, the ability I have to reach out and grow beyond my past perceptions of myself. There is no way to thank You for that. The only way such thanks can be said is for me to continue to grow, reaching out to life. And that I will do.

In closing I pray that You will grant me a boon, permission to see You again. If You grant this my greatest wish is that Your use of me will bring You pleasure. From this I will grow and learn.

If that is not to be, my sadness will be eased by the connection that I will forever experience between us. Until last night I lived surrounded by a wall, which You tore down. Because of You, everything that I find beyond the place where that wall once stood will in some way derive from You.

With love and trust.

C

TIES THAT BIND

Some Straight Talk About Drugs

It is no accident that all the SM clubs I am familiar with have rules about the use of drugs (including alcohol of course) at their events. The existence and enforcement of these rules is a tacit acknowledgement that enough members of the SM community not only use drugs but abuse them often enough that policies to handle drug use at SM events have become necessary.

No one likes to mention these facts because we are concerned that an open acknowledgement of the drug use in our community will give us a bad name. So we don't talk openly about drugs much and the problems continue.

These days, almost any conversation about drugs can quickly turn into a highly charged debate. In this issue, I want to raise some of the issues that surround drug use in the hope that doing so may help you clarify your own thoughts about them. Drug use is a plenty complicated enough subject to begin with, but coupled with SM, the issues can start to spin out of control fast.

When I use the word "drug" here, I mean any substance that is taken into the body to change the way that we normally think or feel either emotionally or physically—in short, they change the way we "read" the world. I omit from this definition prescription drugs when used only as directed by a doctor.

Humans, as a group, seem to like to tiddle around with the way the world "reads." It has also been suggested that it may be natural for us to do so based partly on the observation that children all over the world are fond of twirling themselves into a state of temporary dizziness and thus altering their perceptions momentarily.

Even in many so-called "primitive" societies related to each other, drugs and drug rituals have been discovered and woven into the social fabric. From the anthropological data that exist, it does seem clear that it is a human thing to want to alter one's perceptions—consciously in one way or another, but most especially with chemicals, alcohol being the world wide.

Given this, it then becomes difficult to distinguish between drug use and drug abuse. One handy way to think about this very important distinction is to think in terms of "costs." All drugs have some

When you get a headache, your perception of the world changes and you become uncomfortable. If you decide to fix the discomfort by taking the drug, aspirin, you are consciously making a decision to accept the risks of the possible side effects in order to receive the benefit.

In the case of aspirin, you "decide" to risk minor bleeding in your stomach, ringing in your ears, a change in ability of your blood to clot normally and other side effects. Aspirin for most people is a low risk drug because the benefit comes at doses low enough to avoid the unpleasant side effects. So with aspirin, we like the relationship between what it "costs" us to take the drug compared to the benefit we get from taking the drug.

Now let's move this discussion into a leather bar and order a drink. Most of us drink without thinking about it much. We go to a bar because we want something to do several things. For the most part, we go there because we think it will feel better to be there than any other place for various reasons.

One of the first things that happens when we go into the bar is decide whether to stay or turn around and walk out. This happens fast, and the decision is influenced by too many factors to list here. But the second decision we make is usually what to order from the bartender.

Bars sell lots of stuff, and we know this. This is the instant that we decide whether to change the chemistry of our perception processes or not. It is in this split second that we weigh the "costs" of the drug versus the "benefit" of the drug.

The cost/benefit relationship with alcohol is pretty good for the first or second drink for most people. Beyond that, the "cost" associated with side effects starts to rise rapidly and can quickly overtake the benefit payoff. Indeed, with more and more drinks, the "benefit" payoff starts to actually drop off rapidly just as the "cost" goes way up.

Because we are all pigs, we want all benefit and no cost. But it doesn't work that way with alcohol or any other drug for that matter. We use drugs to solve problems. Very small problems get solved with very small amounts of drugs. But at the same time we must be sensitive to the "costs" of the drug solution.

For example, we go out for a good time and end up in the drunk tank with a drunk driving charge. Or we go to a fisting party thinking we might take just a little crystal to help us through the night, and we end up wrung out and depressed three or four days later having lost eight pounds, and somehow we know the same thing will happen next weekend.

Not being able to figure out the cost/benefit relationship OR not being able to act on this information in a self protective way is what distinguishes drug use from drug abuse.

Most folks are very clear about what the "benefit" of their favorite drug(s) might be. Drug abusers are poor at learning what the real "costs" are because some "costs" are hidden, and abusers don't really want to know the truth about what their drug intake "costs" them. Once abusers become actually addicted to a drug (including alcohol of course) they are indifferent to the costs and are obsessed with only the benefits.

People are NOT usually very clear about the "cost" part of the picture. Let me take a moment to list what I think are the most important "costs" that are most often overlooked.

First and foremost is that FACT that when people take drugs of all kinds, especially alcohol, their ability to assess risk is diminished. It is harder to pay attention and enforce safer sex guidelines after drinks than after two. Nowadays, getting loaded may lower your guard in sexual encounters to the point where you may allow yourself to bend your own rules such that you become exposed to HIV. Willing to tolerate incompetent SM technique.

We used to think that a "problem drinker" was someone who got sloshed regularly, but now we know that a "problem drinker" may simply be someone who is socially comfortable without first consuming a quantity of alcohol that also will make him indifferent to how he gets fucked. For these guys, four drinks can be life threatening—make no mistake about it.

Second, there is little dispute now among medical professionals that all recreational drugs and some medical drugs are hard on the immune system to one degree or another. Amphetamines includes cocaine/crack, crystal speed,

Praecludin and others are probably the most hostile to one's immune system. If you are HIV positive, the danger from these drugs is very much increased. Also, these drugs are hell on your liver and kidneys.

Recreational drugs always change the way that we register body stress including pain. Bottoms will often tell me that they take drugs to increase their SM tolerance. They believe that it is important for them to have high pain tolerances to be attractive to experienced Tops. Unfortunately, some bottoms seem to confuse being a good bottom with being a heavy bottom. There is a big difference!

Most Tops I discuss this with have told me that a bottom on drugs is a lot more work to play with than one who is not—it takes more effort to reach their limits, and most Tops aren't that anxious to work that hard more than once.

Tops also complain that they don't get "true" reactions from a bottom on drugs—it's as though they have to reach for the bottom through the drug influence. Typically, a Top in a scene needs to get accurate information from a bottom's body in order to skillfully lead the scene in the directions that will reveal the bottom's true capacities and tastes. Drugs make the discovery process cloudy and imprecise.

Also, Tops who are into control stuff report that when a bottom has taken some drug(s), it can feel to the Tops like the bottom has placed himself somehow beyond the reach of the Top; they can feel like they are at the mercy of the drug that is acting on the bottom they are trying to play with.

I do not mean to suggest that bottoms are the ones taking all the drugs—Tops take them too, occasionally with disastrous results. I mentioned earlier that drugs cloud one's ability to accurately assess risk. A Top on a drug may be more inclined to try something for the first time and pretend that he knows what he is doing and get in over his head. Tops on drugs also are at risk for compromising their own safer sex standards and become exposed to dangerous diseases.

Since I work primarily with guys in the scene, one of the things that has come to disturb me more and more is the extent to which men have come to associate sex with drug taking. By now, I have met many who just can not play without taking some drug or other. When they decide to stop taking drugs (including alcohol always) they find that they can't make sex work and so sex seems to go out the window at the same time. Then, the time bomb starts ticking for sure!

When I have taken drug histories, what often turns up is that guys started out by using small amounts of drugs to achieve enhancement of the sexual experience. When we like something, we tend to

repeat it, and so using drugs in a sexual enhancement becomes a pattern—a habit if you will. After a while, guys get to the point where they routinely include drugs in the sexual event.

Most people discover that they can get away with taking a small amount of whatever, enjoy themselves, and not become raving addicts overnight. They then may become curious about other drugs and/or the effect of somewhat larger doses. The process of drug experimentation has begun.

Typically, this process continues until the person has a bad experience he feels was caused by the drug or begins to suspect that he is overdoing it. The suspicion may come in various ways. There may be legal troubles including arrest. He might notice that the financial outlay has become significant, and that there is now a drug "budget." A potential play partner may reject him when he is unwilling to play without the drug.

Friends may sound the alarm. Maybe he is missing too much work on Mondays and maybe some on Tuesdays as well. His health may deteriorate. He is upright when he can't seem to take a drug buy but usually a problem with alcohol is always available in most places.

The moments of suspicion usually come the first time a drug user must begin to consciously examine the cost/benefit relationship of drug taking to see if he has

become an abuser. If he is worried enough about himself, he may try to pull back from or discontinue his drug taking, and he may be successful all by himself. If he keeps "slipping" back into his old worrisome using patterns, he may think about getting involved with a recovery program or consult a therapist for help. If he does neither, his life is probably in danger, and perhaps the lives of others as well.

We on the sexual frontier spend a lot of time telling outsiders and each other that we must all protect everybody's right to be who they want to be. We talk about the American freedom to explore our diversity, and we use this reasoning to fight the repression of our lifestyle by religious and political conservatives, by other gay people, and by closeted kinky people as well. This theme of self-determination is central to this discussion of drugs. "It's my life, and I can do whatever I choose to do with it, and it's none of YOUR business." Caution here is in order, because the right to experiment with drugs is also the right to destroy one's self.

When I am going into a scene with someone, I have a right to know what he has taken, because his right to take a drug ends at the point where my safety, sanity and consent may be at risk. □

Guy is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles who works primarily with men on the sexual frontiers.

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CTS—America's Brattiest Guys!

Mr. Leather New York Contest



ETIENNE receives support from the judges, (from left) David Menkes, Michael Horowitz, Ron Zebel, Fred Katz, Bruce Poduska, and Mikal Bales

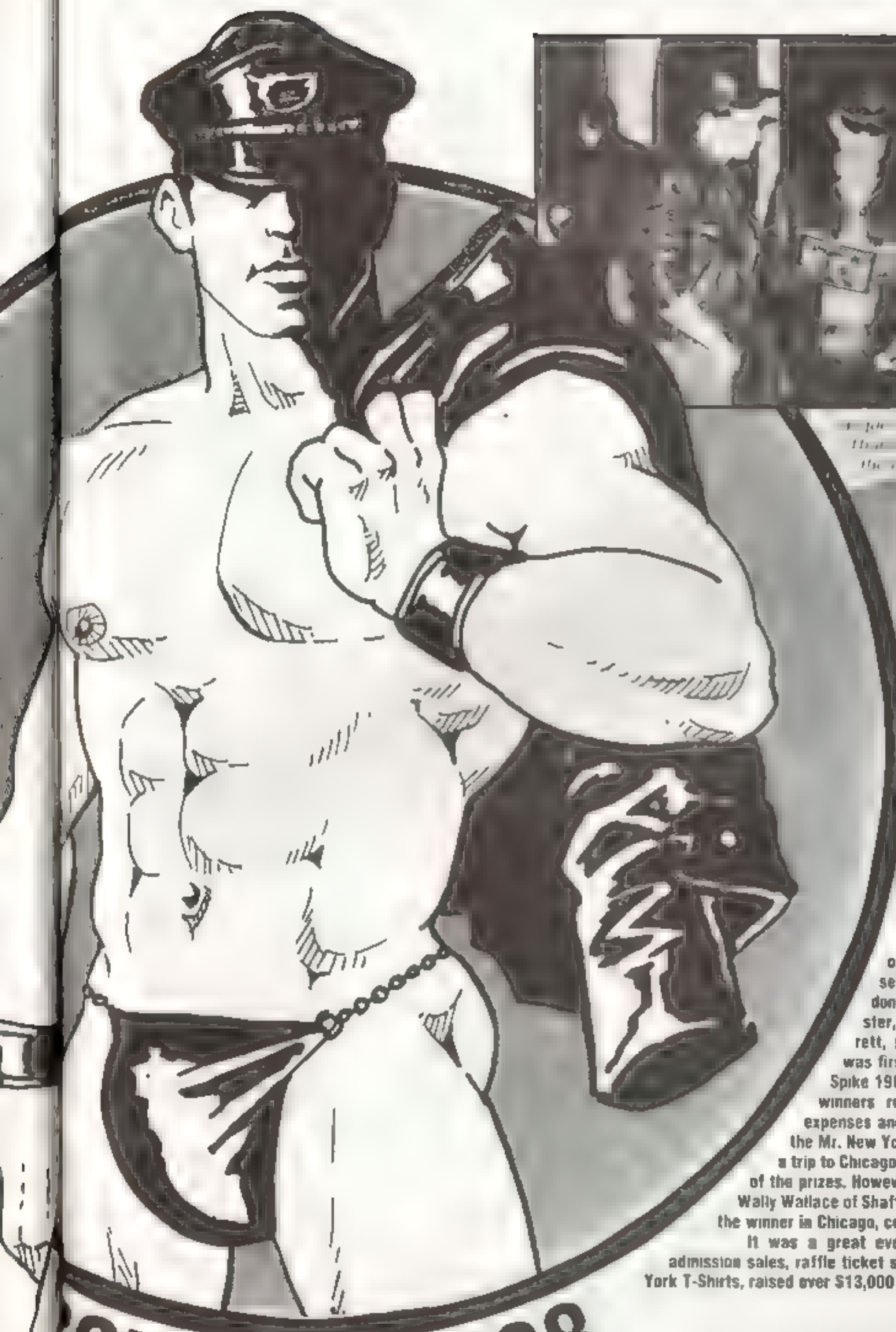
The Fifth Annual Mr. Leather New York Contest was held at Tracks in New York City on Saturday November 12. Produced by Henry Romanowski, the first Mr. New York Leather, the event is a fundraiser for the AIDS Resource Center. Judges this year were Mikal Bales of Zeus Studios; Michael Horowitz, President of GMSMA; David Menkes, David Samuel Menkes Custom Leatherwear; Bruce Poduska, Chicago Hellfire Club; Ron Zebel, Mr. Drummer 1988; and myself. Fred Katz served as Tallymaster.

Etienne created a special Mr. Leather New York drawing which was used as the program cover and as a T-shirt design and several entertainers donated their services. These included Harvey Fierstein who served as MC, comedian Rick Burd and singer Patrick Arena. In addition numerous individuals and businesses donated services for the function and products and services for the raffle that was held during the evening. The major raffle prize was a trip for two to Key West donated by Fred and Henry.

The eleven contestants each made four appearances. First they paraded in Etienne's T-shirts. As a prelude to the Jock Strap competition each man appeared in the costume of his choice and stripped to as little as possible. The Fantasy Wear segment produced the greatest variety of costumes and was followed by the Leather Image appearance during which a voice-over read the response each contestant had written to the question: Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you on! The response from each contestant is given below.

Each contestant had also been asked to write a couple of questions that would be randomly asked to other contestants. Bob Del Russo, sponsored by Shaftway Productions, was asked, "if you were stranded on a desert island and could have only one piece of leather equipment with you what would it be?" He brought down the house by immediately pointing to Mr. Drummer, Ron Zebel, at the judge's table, and saying, "That one!"

MR. LEATHER NEW YORK



* indicates Photos by Jack M. Hillelsohn
all other Photos by ZEUS



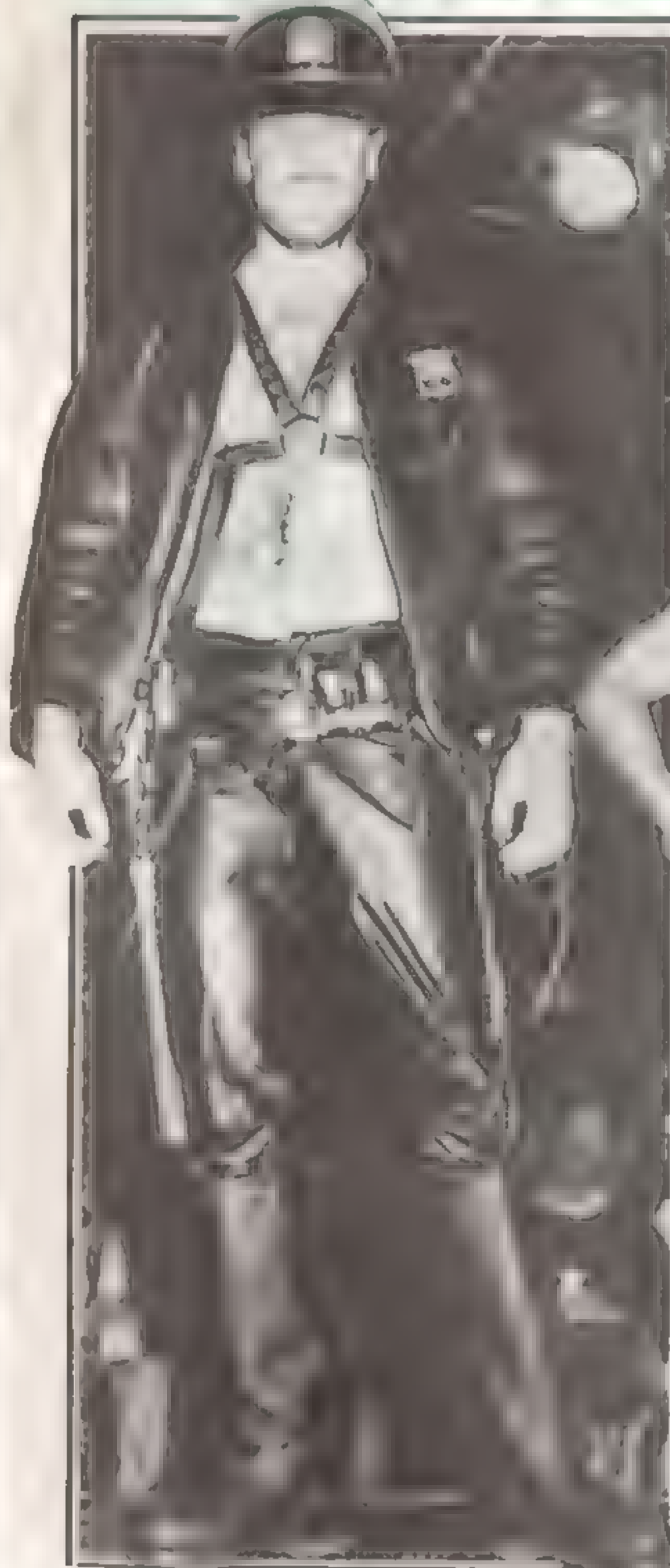
It was a difficult decision and all of the contestants presented themselves very well. When the tallying was done Bill Murray, sponsored by the Monster, was declared the winner. Ron Barrett, sponsored by the Thunderbolts MC was first runner up and Gerard Gunner, Mr. Spike 1988 was second runner up. The three winners received cash prizes. To minimize expenses and maximize charitable contributions the Mr. New York Leather contest does not include a trip to Chicago for International Mr. Leather as one of the prizes. However, before winners were announced Wally Wallace of Shaftway Productions offered to sponsor the winner in Chicago, covering travel and lodging.

It was a great evening of entertainment and sales, admission sales, raffle ticket sales, and sales of Mr. Leather New York T-Shirts, raised over \$13,000 for a very worthy cause.

Fledermans

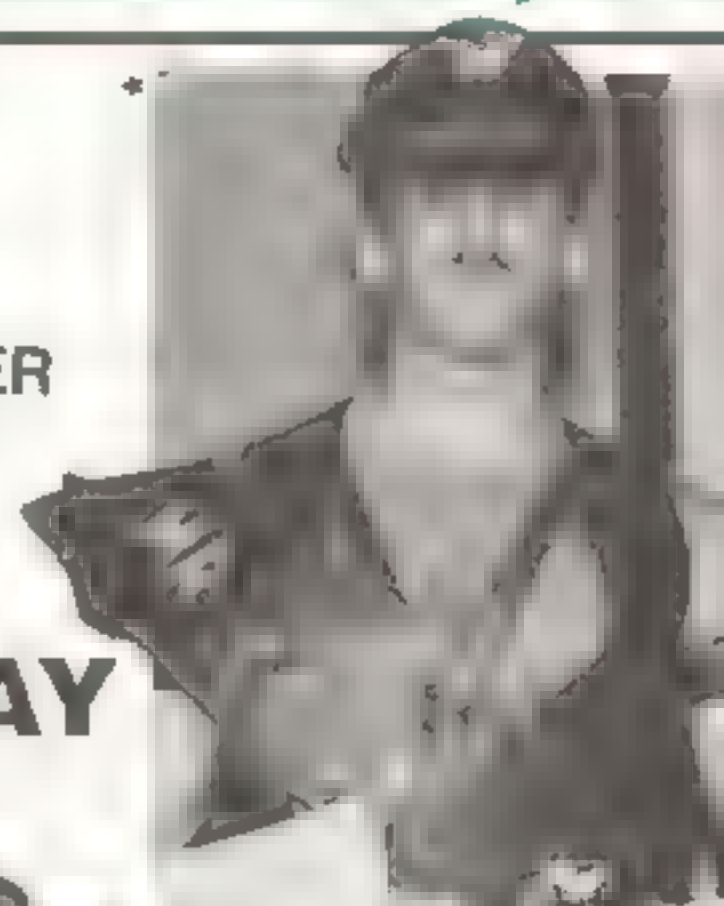
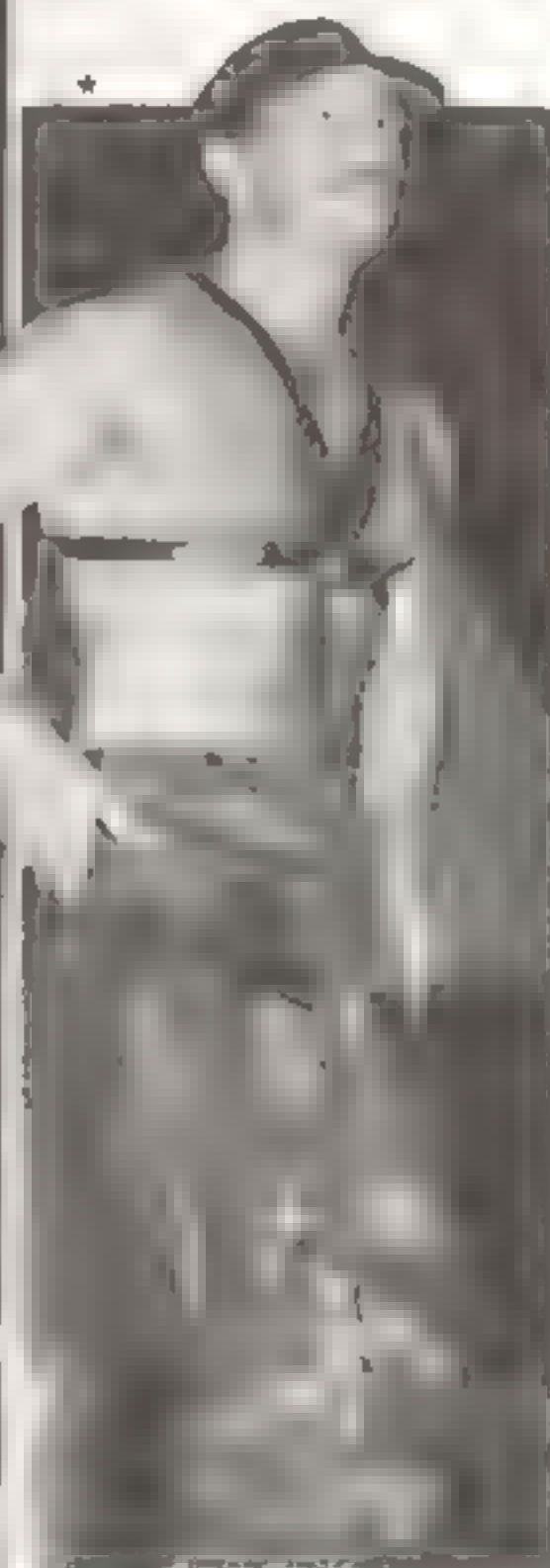
CONTEST 1988

"Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you on"



MR. LEATHER
NEW YORK
1988

**BILL
MURRAY**



sponsored by The Monster

The first time I became aware of being turned on by leather was my first visit to the D.C. Eagle.

A room filled with leathersmen, their eyes were covered by the shadows from the brims of their caps. Their chaps pulled tight the denim outlined their cocks and asses. Men with harnesses showing their large massive torsos. Younger men with collars and chains were led through the room of leather by their Masters.

The leather and the image of a man in it were hot, exciting and seductive. I lusted for that image.

That night at the D.C. Eagle, I wanted to be a part of those men. Leather became visually, physically and sexually stimulating. Over the past nine years since that night in Washington, leather has become a part of my sexuality and way of life.

"Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you on!"



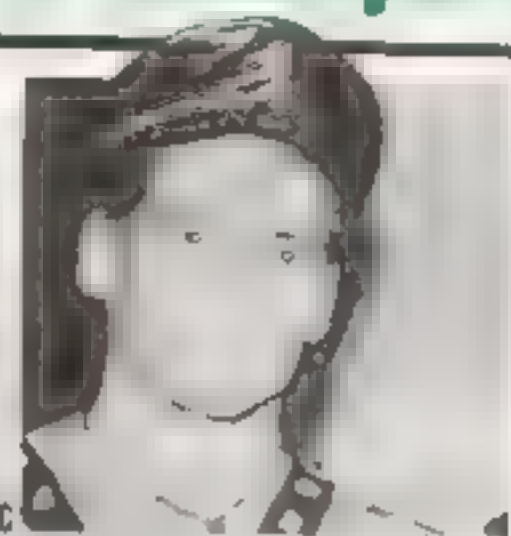
FIRST
RUNNER
UP
**RON
BARRETT**

sponsored by The Thunderbolts MC

It was the Law that turned me on to Leather. I was riding my bike through a trail that had been posted No Trespassing. I was going at a good clip, when right in front of me appeared a mounted policeman. It took all I could to stop and I spiled my bike in the process. I looked up from where I had fallen and gazed at the image of a hot man. I was shit scared. But I was feeling such a sexual attraction for this man, that I was completely confused.

There wasn't much said. He asked me if I was all right. I said Yes. As he dismounted his animal I was immediately aware of his uniform. It was complete Leather. I could hear the sound of the Leather rubbing against his saddle. And as he approached me, the smell filled my nostrils. He was wearing Leather gloves, and when he touched my shoulder, I felt my erection growing. I was drunk with fear, and knew that anything could happen. I felt his gloves on my neck and the pressure of his strong arm pushing me to the ground. In front of my face was his crotch. I leaned forward and with my tongue licked his Leather-covered weapon. The taste was too wild, and I felt myself release. I laid on the ground spent and bewildered, but no longer scared.

As I look back on this occasion I know it wasn't sex that was hot, that never happened. It was the sound, the smell, the taste of this Man's Leather. I'm so glad I found all this out at 17 years old.



SECOND
RUNNER
UP
**GERARD
GUNNER**

Sponsored by the Spike

The first time I became aware that I was turned on by leather I was a 19 year old kid in an all male movie house for the first time. I was very nervous, but my crotch was aching for attention. I could feel my cock and balls twitching in my pants. I saw other guys some watching the movie and others watching and stroking their hard aching cocks. The first movie ended and a leather movie began. OH! GREAT! I thought. I don't want to watch this shit. The movie started and there I sat. There was a hot horny man on the screen in just leather chaps with a body to kill. He began to have sex with a man in leather and younger than himself. He was pumping away at the younger guy's asshole. Somehow my cock found its way out of my pants and into my hand. I saw myself as the leather man. I stroked my cock as he pumped his ass. Faster and faster, harder and harder, totally unaware of the other guys around me. My balls were ready and so was the leather man. He pulled out his dick and shot his hot load all over the guy's back. Suddenly my own cum covered my T-shirt. What an orgasm! What a relief. I left the movie house with a new perspective on leather. I was ready to discover the leather world.



You will be seeing more (a lot more) of Gerard Gunner in an upcoming issue of Drummer and in Zeus Studio's next video "Tightropes 5." I had a great time tying him up the day after the contest and he raged and

writhed beautifully for the camera. There is a good possibility you will also be seeing more of Ron Barrett and possibly some other contestants, in future issues of Drummer.

"Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you on"



Raymond Cintron

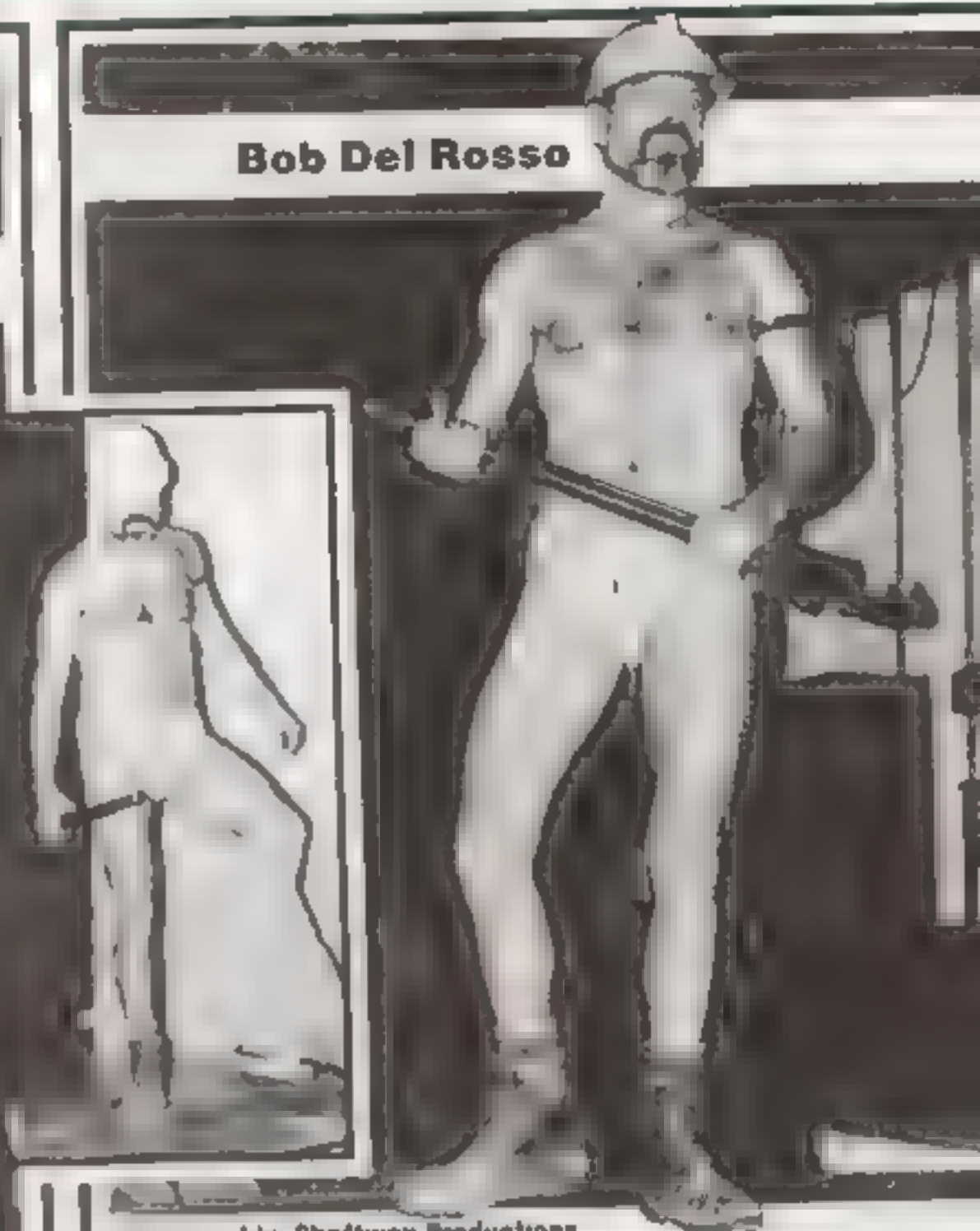
Self sponsored

I've since I was a young man in my teens, I was exposed to those men in khaki and green uniforms where the smell of their sweaty leather boots covered with dust just turned me on.

Being a gay male living in New York for ten years and exposed to many kinds of people and places to go to, especially Leather bars with Leather Men had made me rediscover that smell I was so turned on to. I'd then

All those memories of my yesterdays in my teens came back. I had finally found my roots. Wearing Leather for the first time had opened another part of my sexuality that I had not experienced before, a feeling of freedom and uninhibited or unrestrained desires came about.

The smell of my sweaty body covered by Leather made me "drip." I had finally experienced what Leather felt to all those Leather Men I had seen and wanted to know. My fantasy was finally achieved.



Bob Del Rosso

sponsored by Shaftway Productions

It was shortly after my wife and I separated. when I was going through the bookstore phase of my newly awakened sexuality that leather introduced itself to me.

He was your better than average trick, possessing that rugged handsomeness so abundant among the men of the Pacific Northwest. Clad in jeans, work boots and flannel shirt, he carried himself tall and proud, sending out his aura of masculinity in palpable waves. I watched expectantly as he strode into a booth leaving the door ajar just enough to signal his intent.

I went to my knees before him and reached to unfasten his belt intending to peel the jeans he wore down to his calves at the knees. One of his work-calloused hands stopped me as the other worked the zipper down, dug in through the fly, and wrestled his ramrod of a dick. That rich, earthy smell that only leather began to permeate the booth. I could not place the source.

As I worked his cock into my throat the odor of leather intensified. My exploring hands, caressing his firm ass cheeks and thighs solved the mystery.

The man was an amputee. His left leg, severed mid-thigh, replaced with a prosthesis bound to him with a leather trussing harness assembly. It extended up his stump and left calf encircling his washboard waist with straps and buckles. Lending its strength, enabling this man of muscle to stand at attention.

It was heady, the deep, rich musk of his man parts combined with the luscious leather scent emanating from the harness assembly cum, when it flowed into my throat, some of it escaping to run down the length of his shaft, added its sharp cement smell to the sensuous potpourri.

I was transported. I knew then that the connection had been made that would follow me through a lifetime. Save the roses for the ladies, Gents, my favorite fragrance forever will be the smell of hot man sex and leather.

h!"

"Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you on!"



Marc Faw Faw



sponsored by the National Leather Association

It was the fall of 1981, I was 21 years old and I had traveled to Dallas with a couple of my friends for the Halloween weekend. We wound up outside a cruise bar one night drinking and bullshitting when he rode up. HE was on a black and gold Harley Davidson. I watched as he climbed off his huge machine and started to walk toward us. He was wearing a pair of tight fitting black leather pants with black motorcycle boots. He also wore two chrome arm bands with a plain white T-shirt. He stared directly at me as he walked his white cocky ass into the bar. I was scared and excited at the same time. A few minutes had passed when he came back outside with a beer in each hand.

We talked and drank and then he said we were leaving. I didn't question, I obeyed. We took off on his machine and tore down the expressway. My thoughts were of his apartment. I was wrong. The apartment turned into a garage. My stomach was in knots, but I knew that I wanted this very much, but I had no idea of what I was getting into. That night I experienced an act of sex, pain, and pleasure that I had never known. It opened doors to a part of me and a few other things that I knew I had but didn't know how to use. The smell, touch and the taste of the leather against his powerful body mixed with the sweat, the ropes, and the chains was unbelievable. That night gave me the courage to look for those feelings again and again and to start a boy down the path towards manhood.

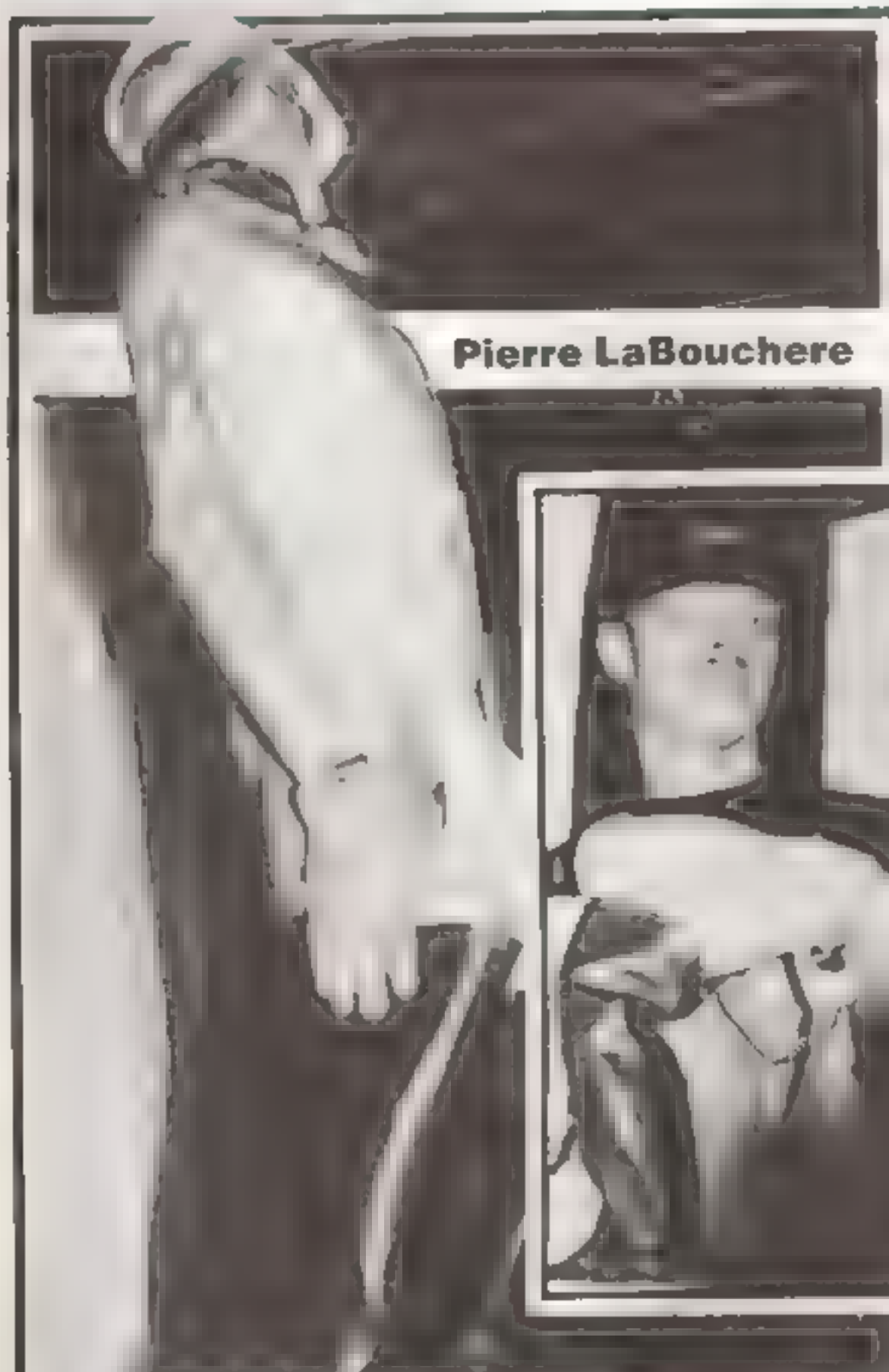
Frank Kammerer



sponsored by Paddles at the Garage

The first time I realized I was turned on by leather I was 15 years old. I would watch leather men walk on Christopher Street and I would feel very attracted to them. It wasn't until two years later when I met an older man who was very heavily into the leather scene that I actually realized that it wasn't the men themselves but the clothing and the attitude. Sex with the incorporation of leather was amazingly better than vanilla sex. I was 17 years old then and I've been incorporating some article of leather into my sex life ever since. Especially my jacket and boots.

"Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you o



Pierre LaBouchere

Sponsored by The Backstreet, London

This story has its roots
in a pair of riding boots
I got rid of all this wear
A big man with blond hair

With my love of horses
I was all
to hang around and chase
the studs
My mother often mentioning
in a room
had many boys
All and one

As you might assume
not to go it suppose
There but is where the
hundred boy
of an innocent boy

Feeling, nothing was his play
but only with mine away
It felt so wonderfully good
it had to be a parental no no

Late at night, after scrubbing
horse and bridle
this man and I were left all
idle

He turned to me, caressed my
dick
You've been staring at my
boots, so lick!

This night I started on my way
for love of boots, leather and
play
for years he went with me over
the bed
from cars to whips
to bed

But now still at the roots
is my undying love for boots
He found me, man to me better
I'm now a man of leather

He taught me ever so kind
THANK YOU SIR! still what
in my mind



Gerald

LaGault

Sponsored by the Pocono Warriors

"13" is my leather number "13" when I was 13 years
foster uncle took me down to his ranch and stripped me
front of his 13 buddies. Then he put a collar on me a leather
and a studded jock strap and made me their slave for 1
And then he was caught. Enough said.

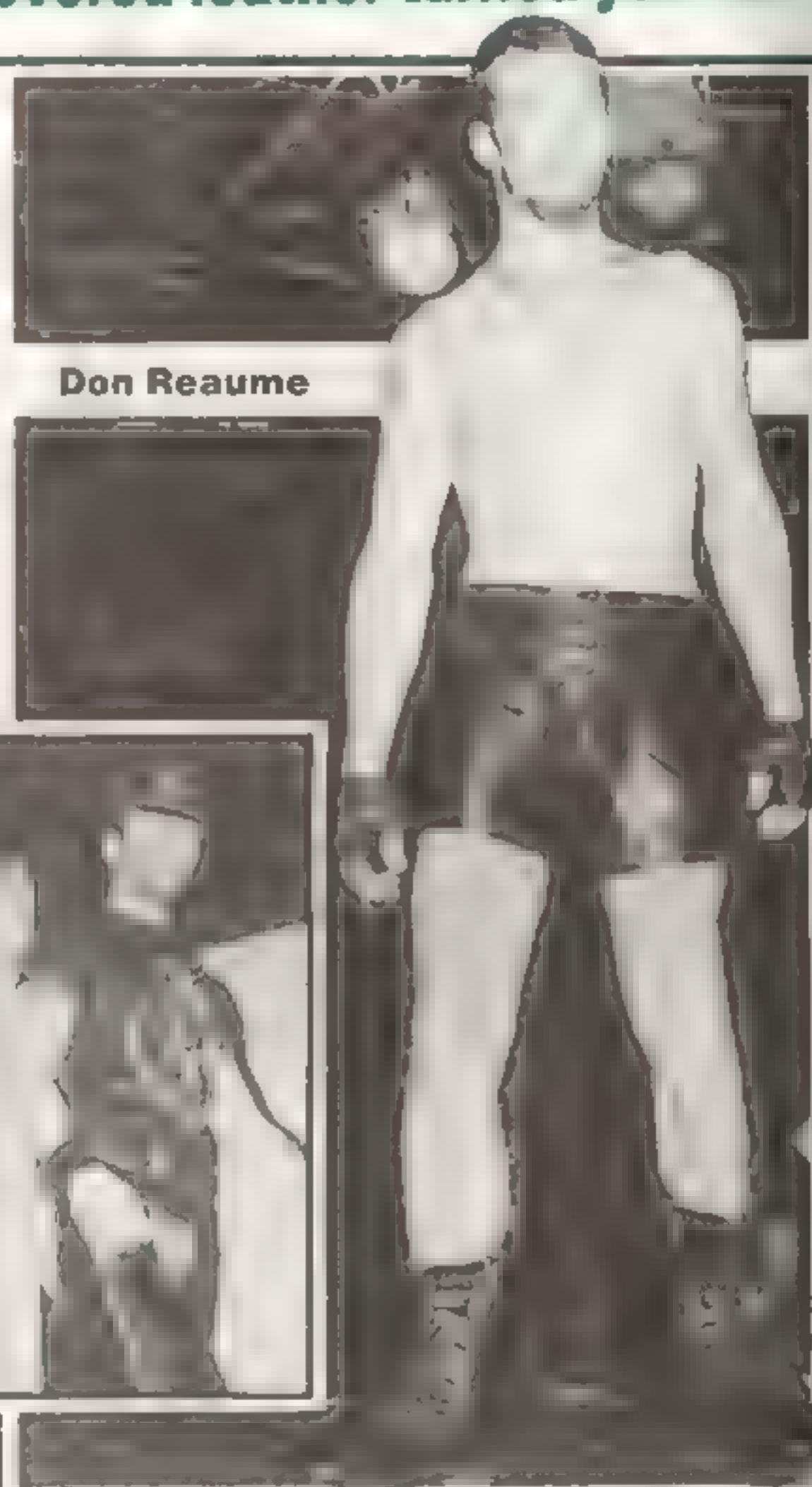
Then on April 13th, 1982 I arrive in New York at the M
on the night of their Black Mask party, met my life partner
Master and have been exploring with him ever since

on!"

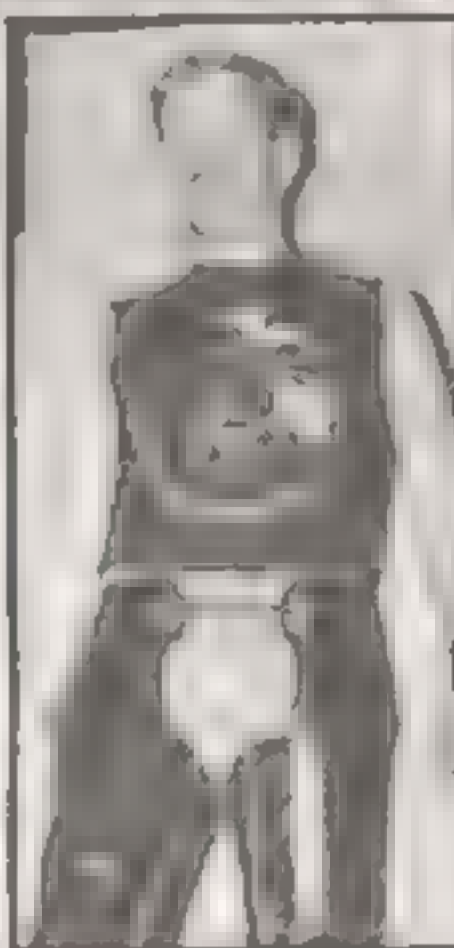
"Describe the first time you discovered leather turned you on!"



Fain Miller



Don Reaume



Sponsored by the Eagle

When first thinking about this question, I thought it must have been some time in my 20's that I was first turned on to leather. But as I thought, I realized it was much earlier. And although it was not black leather (that came later,) I remember the excitement that came at the movies.

And the object of my early sexual arousalment was the muscular body of a man with nothing more than minimal animal skins covering his loins—Tarzan. Tarzan with nothing touching his body but the skin of another animal—a second skin.

And while my interest in leather has changed and my tastes refined, I still get that same stirring when I see those movies today. Which possibly explains why *The Beastmaster* is one of my favorite films.

Sponsored by The Eagle

I don't know if this was my first time, but it was one of my earliest and most memorable. I was probably 16, and I was cruising the parking lot of a leather bar in my neighborhood, the Iron Spur. I was on my motorcycle parked by a bunch of other motorcycles, smoking a cigarette and I met these two guys in their mid-20's. We ended up going to one of their houses which was a garage converted into a room. We parked all three of our motorcycles in the garage.

This place was great! He had leather sheets, a sling, and a lot of other leather goods hanging up all around the place. Just the sight and the smell of it all got me hard, even though I was inexperienced with it all. I tried on some chaps and a leather jock (which wasn't too easy since I was as hard as a rock by then.) Anyway the three of us spent a day and a half in that garage trying a lot of different things. Sex on the motorcycle, my first three-way, the first time I was spanked and actually liked it.

The whole time was great. I could take ten pages to tell you all about it. I'm glad you asked that question. It brings back lots of memories.

Comrades in Arms

by Rick Jackson

Illustration by Jakal

I'm no slut, but you don't spend five years on a helo carrier in Uncle Sam's navy without getting to know what cocks and asses look like. You see them all the time, and not only in berthing areas or in the shower. You see some asses that are flabby and some dicks that don't impress, but you also run into thousands of each that are so firm and well-formed that they make your teeth hurt. I learned early, though, to keep my sex life in a separate compartment from the rest of my world. I like being a Marine. You have to put up with a lot of shit, but there's something in watching your unit in Harrier ops aboard or coming back to the ship after a visit to a foreign port and seeing the flag fluttering from the stern that stiffens the old crank. The Marines really do have the *esprit de corps* that they're always raving about. Besides, when you're a member of group as tight as the Corps, you get to know a lot of genuinely nice guys. I like Marines as individuals, not only because they have holes I can fuck, but because they share my interests—most of them, anyway. Over the years, I've been really careful and have developed a firm rule not to fuck around with anyone off the ship. In the past, I've been ashore with other Marines or squids from the ship and for one reason or another decided to go for the gusto. These days just the fact that you know deployed military personnel are HIV negative is a big plus. Since Uncle Sam likes to keep our bodies in prime shape, other Marines are especially hard to pass up. Even squids, for some reason, turn me on. They are usually a lot softer and usually have a little punch, but they leave an unlearned, tumultuous sort of sexuality in their wakes which is often almost as intoxicating as it is indescribable. I've even gone so far as to have lasting relationships with shipmates, but they never worked out. Aside from the tendency toward, anyway, one has to fight temptation to fuck underway. When you're deployed for six months or so, you may not hit land for three or four of those months. If you have some hunky sex buddy on board with you, you KNOW you're going to slip away in the night to some pump room or gear locker to fuck. Most of the time you may even get away with it, but eventually the river or the old man is

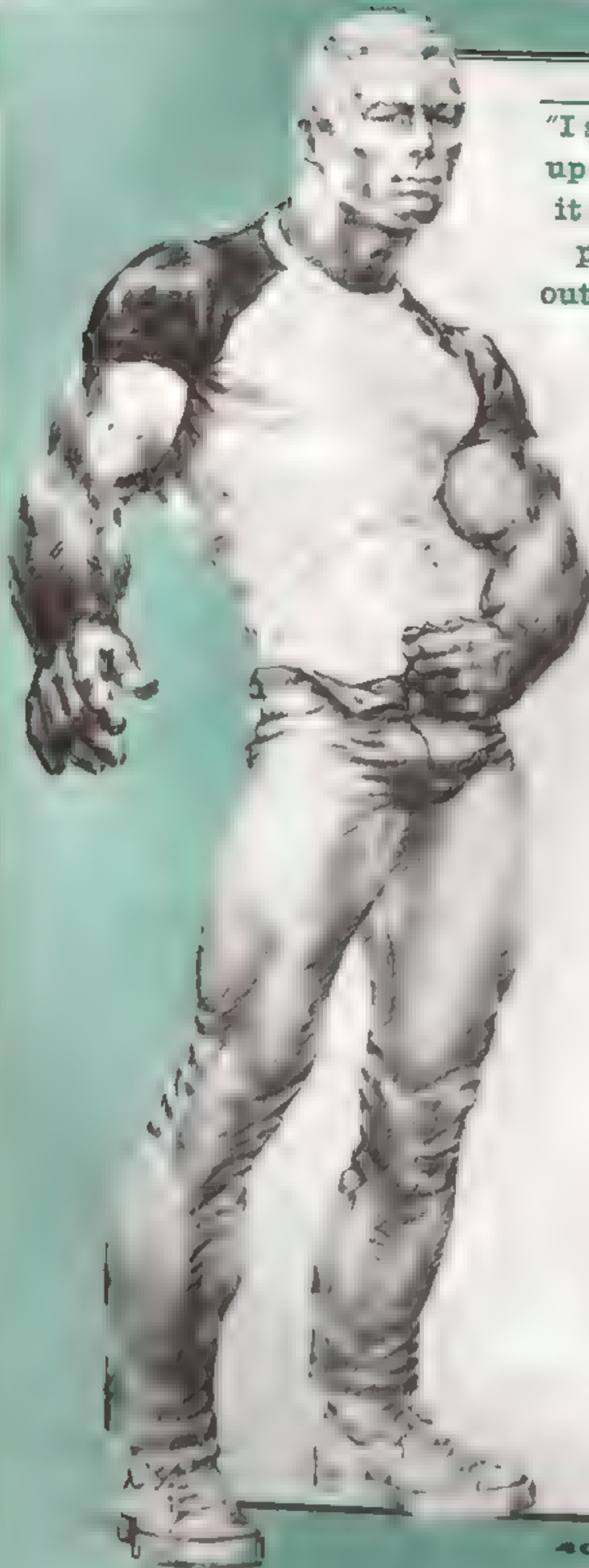
going to happen by and see you with your best news up some squid's butt. Then you're BOTH fucked. Sometimes squids in important billets—say the only quartermaster aboard who knew what he was doing—could get away with being found out, especially if he claimed he was sorry and was fighting to "overcome homosexual tendencies." We're more explicable. Marines caught spoiling the merchandise can be

a) put in the brig without pay for months; b) kicked out of the Corps with a dishonorable discharge; c) both of the above. Even if I didn't have condo and car payments to make, I don't need that kind of grief when I can duck in the head several times a day to choke the chicken. Now keep my fucking off the ship. That rule means that I spend a lot of time on the prowl for wholesome studholes, though.

The day I drove home from the beach, I hadn't fucked anything but my hand in nearly a week. I had been to beach at the very base of Diamond Head as it juts out into the Pacific. I recommend it the next time you're in paradise. On one side of Diamond Head is a surfer beach. On the other side, you have a residential area. Smack at the tip, though, you have about an eighth of a mile of beach which innocents avoid. You have to do a little hiking to reach the secluded inlet formed when the lava flowed into the sea, but they are worth the hike. Some dudes like to strip for a day's illegal nude bathing. Since no one is going to stray by unless they know the beach's secret, the police don't care what the cognoscenti do when they hang out there. It's not even that unusual for guys to make out on the beach, although they usually nip back into one of the many grottos which line the sand, or climb partway up the thicket lined trail which leads to Diamond Head Road before they get into anything really dramatic. Folks who fuck on the beach draw company. I had beaucoups of offers. I lay there with my bronzed business hanging out, but didn't see anything worth using a rubber on that day, so I just worked on my tan and waited. I'd done a lot of waiting lately.



John



**"I shoved my fuckfinger into his
up to the middle knuckle and cur
it around inside him. Each time
pronged into my throat, I pulled
outward with my finger and twist
his spincter as I was twisting
his tit with the other ha
He went wild, thrashing
around like a four-dolla
whore on acid."**

I originally figured I'd go down through Kahala onto the freeway for the trip back to my condo in but I decided I might as well stop to pick up some watch as I abused myself that night. As soon as I into the Kaimuki VideoStop, I caught his scent. The who usually lurked behind the counter, looking like between Jabba T. Hutt and Yassir Arafat, wasn't there. His place was a dude who had SQUID practically tattooed onto his forehead—blond, about 22, 6'9", blues, very paunch, boy-next-door look—general all-around M. bait. I thought to myself that I must be turning in those lifers who sees other military types wherever he goes. What would a squid be doing working in a Video fifteen miles from Pearl Harbor? He must just be some who looks the type. They do exist outside the navy. I looked up and said, "Hi."

"Clever opening," I thought to myself. Then I zeroed in on the wedding band and sighed. He would have been worth a rubber, maybe even a whole three-pack. At the time though, I noticed they had several new titles for me on their shelves and lost myself in the task of making my selection. I saw the new Dennis Quaid and had come out on video and latched onto it. Just then that Dennis Quaid is in the same hemisphere I am. I'm me hard. I mucked about with other tapes until my friend wandered over and started to make conversation. He'd seen the *Guadalcanal* T-shirt I was wearing and wanted to know if I was on the ship. Was I a jarhead? I admitted I was a Marine. He said he'd thought so, he was a sailor named Trent Christopher. We prattled on about being at CCC (temporarily working at the brig) and moving from one topic to the next. He worked there part time when his buddy of his had a gig. He was a musician somewhere but still was interested enough to envy the buddy, but his attention was still focused mainly on tapes. I noticed though, that several other customers had come in, looked around, and left without attracting his attention. As I chatted on, I began to wonder. You've doubtless had the same uneasy feeling. If you're in a gay setting, you can't when a dude is coming on to you and can either fuck senseless or let him down easy. If you're in a straight setting, you can talk about how Elway just needs to

Comrades in Arms

good receivers or how the market is going to take off any day now and get along just fine. The problem comes in situations like the one in which I found myself. Was he or not? Was I imagining the vibrations I was feeling? Was I fooling myself into thinking the vibrations were there only because I have a fondness for squid meat? You don't want to move too fast because, after all, most men really aren't gay—or at least they say they aren't—and you don't want to cause unnecessary trouble. On the other hand, the dude turned me on big time and seemed to be trying to charm me. He obviously wasn't interested in me just as a customer, else he'd have gone and helped the others who had come in and let me look through his wares. If he had been older, I'd have thought he was a vet interested in reliving a half-remembered youth in the military and was just working up to boring me with war stories. Since he was a squid already, he couldn't be heading for one of those "what is life in the military really like?" chats. I could think of only one other reason he'd be taking such an interest in me. I'm 24, 6'1", close-cropped red hair, oat-green eyes, freckles and I'm built, except for the foreskin, like a Praxiteles. What do you THINK he was interested in? Yet there was the wedding band.

Since I'd finished my browsing, I cut through the bullshit and worked the talk around to fuckfilms. It was easy to do because the Honolulu D.A. forever has a hair up his ass about fuckflicks on video. The week before, the state Supreme Court had thrown out all his porno cases. I asked if he had any John Holmes tapes and he listed a few. Then I asked if he had anything by Kevin Williams or Matt Ramsey. I saw the eyes sparkle. That was it. Fuck the wedding band, he craved me. He wanted my body. He was a young man in search of love. He wanted to party, was interested, wanted my cock up his ass. The dude was in the mood. However you say it, I knew he was mine.

I knew all about bisexuals. In fact, I suspect most dudes who think they're straight are really bi. At least I can't see anyone turning down a tight hole in the right circumstances. I glanced down at the ring with a questioning look and he blushed.

"She just left me. We were only married about five months. She said," he almost whispered as he turned a red so intense it was nearly a purple, "that I wasn't good enough in the sack."

"And now you've decided to go back to being queer and want me to fuck you."

"No, not . . . Well, I've never done anything with men. I've always had dreams and thought about it a lot, but I've never done anything. Besides, I don't want to get fucked. I was thinking that maybe you could just give me a blowjob."

I think that did it even more than his looks. I look great and fuck even better. Here was this squid pulling this "I don't do anything but I want you to eat my wad" shit on ME. You have to figure a dude with balls like that must have a dick to match. I started laughing and asked him if he knew where my beach was. I have a rule against letting dudes I'm not sure of know where I live. After I'd described how to get to the beach, he said he could find it. I told him to meet me there at 2100 and we would see what happened. But I wasn't promising anything.

Meanwhile, Dennis Quaid, my hand, and I had an appointment at home.

I got to the isolated beach at about 2055 and was pleased to find the tide out and a three-quarters moon up. Nature was cooperating. I'd brought a couple of blankets, two six-packs of beer, and a tube of KY-Jelly, enough to set me

for a night. The kid was early, sitting on a rock, looking around as though he were late for his execution. I got his attention and yelled for him to come over to a nook which was sheltered from the wind. I stretched the blankets out, tossed him a Foster's, and told him to strip. He didn't like the sound of that much, and was obviously feeling awkward at showing dick, but since I was getting naked, too, he went along. I lay down and pulled him to me, wrapping an arm around his shoulder and throwing a leg over him to share his warmth. He seemed uncomfortable having me so close: perhaps there really was some truth to his "but I've never done anything like this before," spiel. My original plan was to fuck the shit out of him and then, when I was finished with his ass, maybe do it again. Seeing him lying shivering slightly in my arms, though, the same mating instinct which kept our hominid ancestors secure in their insecure world took over. Have you ever noticed that you can fuck eighty-seven guys in a row and not care whether they go up in flames when you're done with them, but if you lie quietly and hold him in your arms, looking down into his face and using the language of lovers, your protective instinct is thrown into gear? Well, if YOU haven't, I have; and that was what kept me from nailing him and moving on.

I don't remember all of what we murmured. I know he was on at length about his wife. His cock just wouldn't stay up inside her unless he thought about all the hard, sleek bodies he saw every day aboard ship. As he was pumping away into her, he was too distracted to do the little things that make someone a good lover. She was afraid he didn't love her, that he didn't think she was pretty or desirable, or—worse—that he was already fucking around with someone else. There was no way he could tell her the real problem and so they drifted apart. As we worked our way through the Foster's we talked of the navy and of the Corps and of the places we had been. We spoke of many other things that night as we learned each other's innermost thoughts, but many of Trent's confessions have no real bearing on this story and MY confessions are none of your business.

Let's just say I told Trent about some of my sexual history. Before I had gotten very far, his cock was up and ready for action. By this time, I knew that he had won me over. I felt he had spoken the truth about his past and wasn't just going to take advantage of his pain to get another hole to fuck. If I was his first man, I would make sure he remembered me with thanks and affection for a long time.

I let my hand cover his seven or eight thick inches and held him as our conversation wound down. As the moon looked down on us, blinking off the water at our bodies intertwined on the beach, I positioned myself between his smooth, muscular legs to take him into my mouth. His head was good. As I flicked my tongue around it and prodded him in its eye, he lay his head back onto the blanket, closed his eyes, and began to make odd animal noises. My lips, mouth, and throat took him in their turn, and soon his hips were rocking upward to force himself deeper and deeper down my gullet. One hand (mine) wandered north to flit across his hairless belly and chest to find his hard, throbbing tits. I don't think he had ever noticed them before; at least he seemed taken aback when I started tweaking them. The surprise turned to a wide smile, though, as I attacked his body on several fronts. The southern front began with his heavy balls. I don't think he had cum in weeks. He had mentioned in passing that he

was ashamed to beat off (which shows you something about his level of sophistication right there) I thought that meant that he beat off and felt guilty. It never occurred to me that the dude wouldn't throttle his own wound when he felt like it. If that's the state things have come to, then the world has fallen on hard times. As his thrusting began, the southern front advanced between his flanks to explore his crack. All right, so I'd decided not to fuck the dude: I didn't say anything about fucking WITH him. I deserved some pleasure, after all. As his cock slid down my throat, his hips tilted and his ass flew into view. I was able to work my fuckfinger far enough down his crack to find the pucker I had barely begun massaging his hole when I felt his rhythm change and knew that the end was near. I grabbed a tit and squeezed, put my fuckfinger against his hole, and got ready for the flood.

I nearly fucking drowned. I've seen loads before, but this dude had the highest flood level this side of Johnstown. I heard him "FUCK"ing and using the name of every deity he knew in what I took to be prayers of thanks. Once he began to shoot, each time my face crashed into his golden pubes, the skin of his cock stretched tight and his head blasted buckets down my throat. There was no way I could even get a taste—he spurted directly down my throat. When I felt his first protein injection, I shoved my fuckfinger into his ass up the middle knuckle and curled it around inside him. Each time he pronged into my throat, I pulled outward with my finger and twisted his sphincter as I was twisting his tit with the other hand. He went wild thrashing around and "SHIT"ing or "FUCK"ing like a four dollar whore on acid. His seizures grew so frantic that he jerked his head out of my throat and began s... directly into my mouth. I didn't mind this development at all. It had been months since I'd let anyone cream my mouth, so I was overdue. He was so sweet that at first I thought he head the clap. Even if he had, the load was worth a few shots. As it turned out, though, he was just a sweet little squid.

After he had thrashed about for what seemed like ages, he finally ran dry. I moved up to hold him in my arms again by way of reward. As he lay his head on my chest, we shared another beer while he recovered. I asked him if he thought the blow job was worth the trouble and he babbled on about how great it was, how great I was, and how great the world was now that he had found me. I'd heard the same thing forty-seven dozen times before, but he made the words seem new. His one concern was that his crank was still up, he was so used to having to work at keeping it up, the idea that he could come and still have a hardon blew him away nearly as much as I had. I told him I often played hard through three or four bouts with Cupid. I was just barely listening when I heard myself ask him if he wanted to fuck me. I'm not sure why I asked. I don't really like to be fucked, I've never gotten off on the pain. Some dudes are bottoms and some are tops. In a pinch, I'll agree to a fuck by way of trade-off if I really crave some dude's ass, but this was the first time I'd offered myself. I'm a top... argument caused by the...

OK, upon reflection, maybe more really lurked behind my... a strange... made me care what happened to him, want to please him, and want him to get what he needed. He was like the little brother I never had. For the first time in my life, I'd enjoyed giving

someone else pleasure almost as much as getting off myself. Looking back on the night now, I think I had falling in love with him already. I knew I lusted after body, but I'd lusted after many men. His honesty and innocence and vulnerability were the ties which bound to him and which made me offer myself, hoping in myself that he would use me to find pleasure and, in make me a more complete person. It wasn't just his cum I needed, I needed his simplicity, his trust, affection. He mattered to me.

He was all for the idea of fucking me. I explained he would have to go slow as he moved between my legs, put his cock against my hole. I'd lubed him good, but hurt like a bastard going in. He grinned like a fresh in his first massage parlor as he tore into me. I kept yelling for him to slow down and finally had to dig my heels into his butt as I reached back and grabbed his ballbag. He to hold him against my ass. That slowed him down a bit but I think the pain just got him hotter. Squids always were perverse. Despite what his wife had said, he had damned good technique. He would pull the monster out of my ass and then crash down all the way, ping-ponging prostate on the way. Just as I knew he was going to through the end of my shit-chute, I'd feel his pubes te like a Brillo pad into what was left of my hole as he g his cock around in my guts. After every grind, he would slip nearly out again and repeat the process, slapping his ballbag against my ass with a SMACK that echoed off the lava walls of our little love nook. I reached up for his again and felt him quicken in appreciation. Knowing it would hurry him up, I pulled his head down to rap my mouth with my tongue. At first I think that freaked him out, too, but he was a quick study. I moved up to his ear and used my modified world-champion Venus Butterfly technique in his ear canal. I've had Marines nearly pulled out from having their ears raped by my tongue. Trent started "SHIT"ing and "FUCK"ing again and, just as I was about to ignite from pole friction like a boy scout tenderfoot fire, I felt his load salve my hole. He blasted against the walls of my guts on every downstroke and enough ricocheted off my shit-chute walls to stick to my cock on the upstroke that my friction-fried ass felt much better. The pain, though, had long since turned to pleasure and, despite myself, I felt my cock harden and my ballbag contract. I was like a bull being milked for stud—his cock raped my ass and made me cum without touching my cock. I shot off onto my belly and spurted up onto both our cheeks and into our faces locked together. He pumped my ground and moaned and "FUCK"ed for what seemed like hours until he gave up and pulled his cock, still firm, from the ruins. We were a mess.

He said that if his wife had known how to do that... business, he'd have been harder than a paymaster's hand. I took the compliment and pulled him back into my arms so I could perform some more lingual-aural gymnastics. As we thrashed together, rubbing our stained cocks against each other's even more stained bellies, he suddenly stopped, reached around to cup his hands around my face and said, "I want you to fuck me." I told him, no, he didn't. I explained the pain. He said he wanted me inside him.

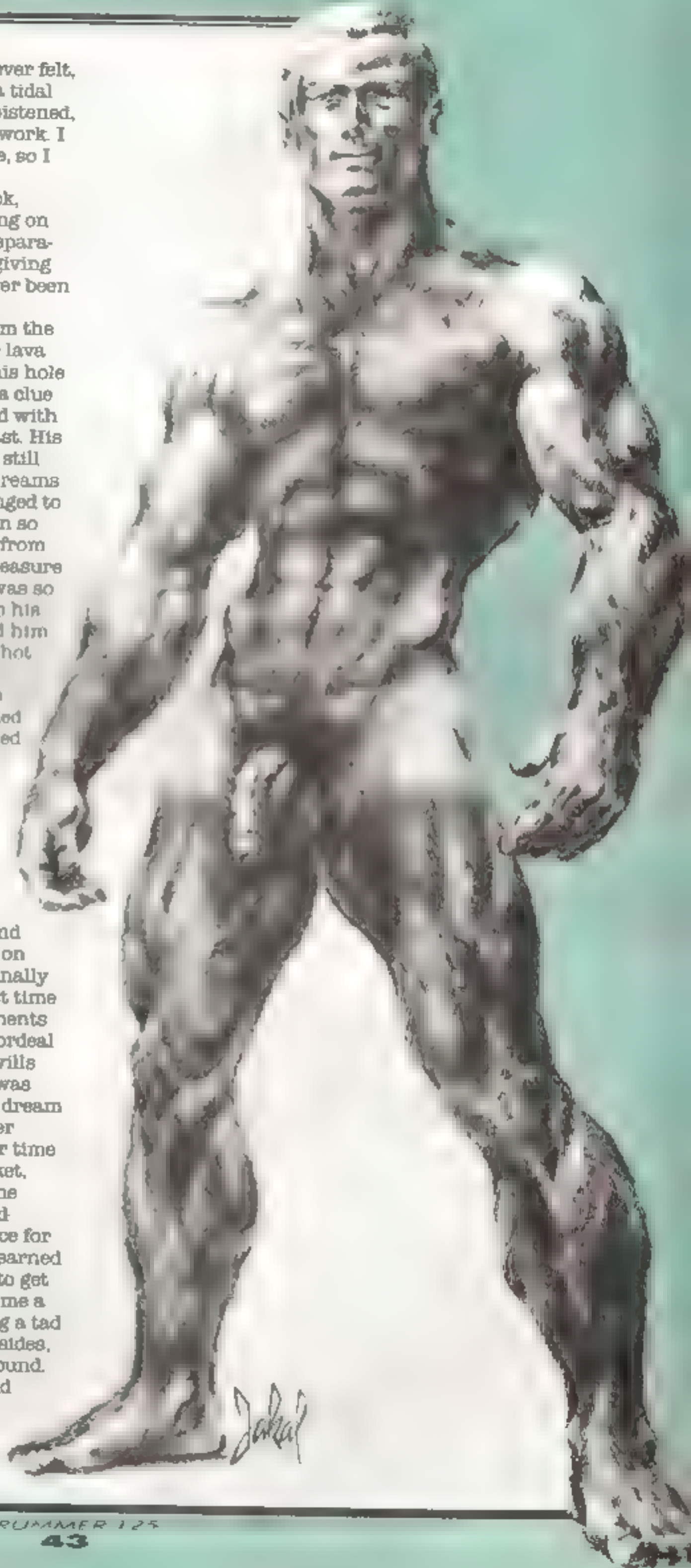
After all my noble resolve, he wanted to be reamed. Figure.

I obliged. I rimmed him for a few minutes, introducing him to another new sensation and getting myself even harder in response to his wild, musky taste. He's such

quick study that he's become the best rimmer I've ever felt, so my bread cast upon the waters came back with a tidal wave of French loaves. After he was thoroughly moistened, I slathered lube over my asset and went to serious work. I figured he would change his mind once I was inside, so I took firm charge.

I grabbed his right arm and lifted it along his back, forcing him to his knees and then lower still, leaning on his left forearm in the sand. I was glad I'd made preparations, though I think being taken rather than just giving himself up turned the little bastard on, too. I've never been a believer in the "work it in slowly" theory. I broke through the barrier of muscle that kept his shit from the world and heard the scream of pain ricochet off the lava and out to sea. I did lay still for a moment, in case his hole wanted to loosen itself up a little, but it didn't have a clue how to act. I slammed the little bugger into the sand with everything I had. I fucked him hard and deep and fast. His ass must have been virgin. Even after entry, he was still super-tight. By this time, fortunately for him, the screams of "FORCHRISAKEPULLITTHEFUCKOUT" had changed to "Fuck"s and "Oh, Shit"s of pleasure. If he hadn't been so turned on, he would probably have gone into shock from the pain. As it was, his brain misread the pain as pleasure and he went wild again. As I pounded into him, he was so turned on by the pressure my cock was putting onto his prostate that the little love-button decided to reward him with a bonus. Like a bull with a pole up his ass, he shot off, blowing all over his bent-over chest and into his cute little squid boyish face. Actually, we managed to cum at more or less the same time as I, unaccustomed to the tightness of a virgin, filled him as I hadn't filled anything in months. I think I came out of my fog as I was shooting off long enough to see a jet of his spunk flying past that face. I know I relaxed the pressure on his arm so he could wipe his spunk out of his eyes. The show literally blew me away. I had almost finished pumping my load into him, but when I saw that nacreous bullet graze his ear, I went back over the edge. White-hot rockets exploded in my brain, the earth moved (he gave way and fell to the sand, me atop him,) and I pumped on and on until I thought my balls were going to drop off. We finally collapsed together into each other's arms for the last time on that night on that beach. We talked for a few moments and then were both so completely exhausted by the ordeal that we both slipped unknowingly and against our wills into a deep sleep, mine filled with dreams of what I was going to do to him the next time. I know one special dream had to do with handcuffs, the biggest dildo you've ever seen, and a pise-enema. But that's a story for another time.

We awoke, our limbs woven together under a blanket, just after dawn when a man walking his dog down the beach had some unflattering things to say about "god-damned fucking queers." I took Trent back to my place for breakfast. We had waffles, coffee, and cream. He had earned them. Besides, this was one dude I certainly wanted to get my address. He moved in later that week. He bought me a wedding band to match his. I think that may be going a tad far, but I wear the thing. It makes him happy, and besides, I like to look at it and think of him when he's not around. Trent has taught me a few new things about squids and their creativity; I've taught him a few things, too. Most of all, we've been teaching each other how to be true comrades in arms. □

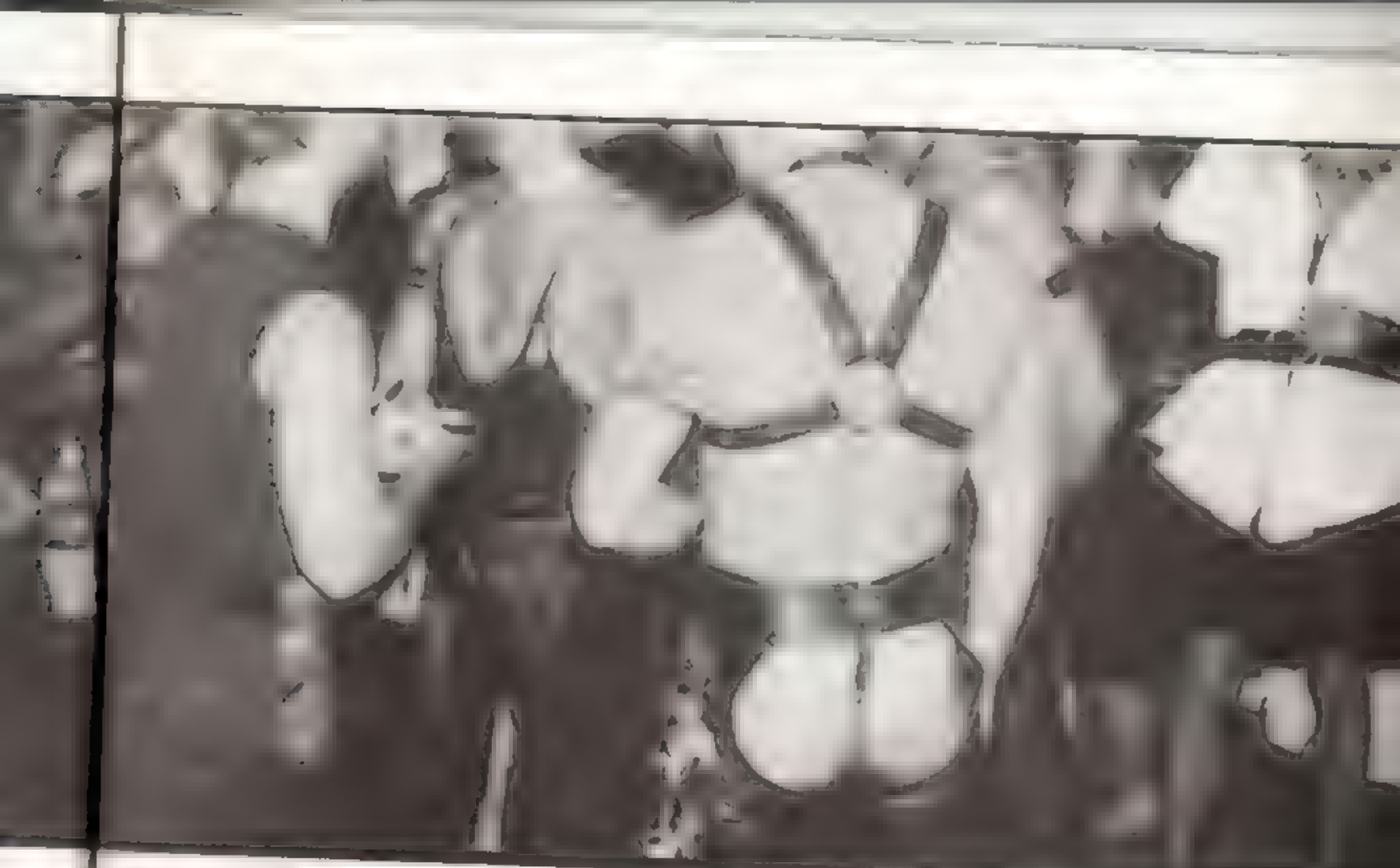


// The Circle Is Complete //

By David May

Photos from Satyr Studio





It all comes from inside. It has to.

Really good actors can fill an empty stage with atmosphere. Props are superfluous. That's how I feel about being a Master. A few hooks on the wall and a chair are all I need for my slave to be groveling at my feet and begging for permission to breathe.

Permission to breathe.

Elaborate playrooms are for those lost souls who "just love Victorian architecture" the setting becomes more important than the drama and the actors get lost in the scenery.

I like to keep it undiluted. It's how I do everything.

The invitation was simple enough and that attracted me to the party in the first place. A plain white card in heavy stock where a vertical hand had written:

*You're Wanted
Saturday, 6 April
10:00 pm to 2:00 am
Our place.
Be there!*

The Circle Is Complete

And it gave an address on Diamond Street

I liked the style, whoever they were. But I didn't know who it was from. I called an old friend who seemed to know everybody and asked him who lived at the address.

"Wish I knew. You know the place, though. It's that big dark Victorian set behind a front yard filled with trees. I've heard that it's huge inside, much bigger than it looks from the front."

"Yeah, but do you know who lives there?"

"No one's ever told me that."

Fucking dizzy . . .

So I went by the house myself. Sure enough, it was a dark Victorian set behind high fence and a clump of trees. Enigmatic.

I walked along the length of the fence, hoping to get a glimpse of someone or something that would tell me whose party I'd been invited to. I could see that the yard had been more or less kept up, but not used. The trees had been allowed to grow high enough to hide the second and third stories of the narrow house.

The house was not inviting. It looked neither lived in nor abandoned, but had the vacant look of a house between occupants.

I changed my mind a second time and decided to go. There was something in that handwriting I wanted to discover. Explore.

Since I didn't know who'd invited me, I wasn't sure what to expect. It might be purely social, or maybe an orgy. All right, I'd come dressed for both. I put on a pair of leather pants cut like 501s, a CHP shirt and a leather tie, a pair of low rise boots and tucked a black hankie in my left hip pocket, the edge showing just enough to suggest the evil that lurked within. If the party did turn out to be an orgy, I figured my belt, and the handcuffs hanging on the left epaulet of my motorcycle jacket, would suffice for toys. Like I said, I like to keep it simple.

The gate was wide open when I got there, and the short path to the door was lit with paper lanterns lining the walk. As I approached, a cluster of people were being greeted by a woman with flaming red hair, milky white skin, and dressed in a black satin dress that clung to an otherwise naked body beneath. Besides the dress, she wore only a pair of menacing black stilettos.

The shoes were my clue that I was at the right party.

She extended her hand and said, "Hi

I also remembered Jack

I'd met them at a mixed SM party the Cell the winter before I'd taken my slave, Gene, with me. He explained (much to my consternation) that I also submitted to women, and I begged me to please lend him to Lyla at somepoint during the party. If only half an hour. I agreed, a little reluctantly at first, and when the time came for me to lay back for a while I handed him over to her. She grabbed the bougie slave by his hair, dragged him into the playroom, threw him on the floor and whipped the holy hell out of him as he groveled and licked the clips on her high heeled pumps.

"She's really something else, isn't she?" said a man standing next to me as I watched the scene.

"I'll say," I said, not bothering to look at him. "I just hope Gene's got something left for me when she's done with him."

"Gene? Don't worry about him. He can bottom all night and not wear himself out. But then he picks the boys tops, too, doesn't he?"

I acknowledged the compliment with a nod, even if the idea of a bottom picking me didn't sound quite right. I wanted to know why this stranger knew so much about my slave.

"I'm Jack, by the way," he said, extending a hand.

"Steve," I said, shaking his strong grip in my own. Then I looked at him—a stranger if I ever saw one. He was a lean but not skinny man with large, finished-looking features. His hair was dark, almost black; there was still the shadow of a beard clearly visible. The sort of face you couldn't kiss without feeling the stubble. Uncommonly pale skin and the eyes bright blue. There's something about blue eyes and black hair that starts my juices flowing every time.

I offered him a beer and we talked while Lyla and Gene did their stuff. I had to admit they were hot to watch.

When Lyla returned Gene to me, he came crawling on his stomach and kissed my boot. She handed me the leash and I thanked her for going to trouble to beat a worthless-ass-slave like Gene, and offered her a drink. She demurred, whispered something to Jack and strutted back into the playroom, her copper hair flying.

I looked over at Jack as we sat down, then at Gene, still on his stomach, lips on my boot.

"Where's my foot stool, boy?" barked. At once he became one, weight resting on all fours. Jack arched used his back to rest our feet on.

"Steve," Jack commented. "I'd like to check you out some time."

I raised an eyebrow. I knew what he meant, but the exact nature of the game was unclear. I was a Topman and only a Topman, and nothing about Jack suggested he was interested in being in anything less than complete control."

I walked by that place whenever I could, even if it wasn't really on the way to anywhere. I'd walk the few blocks extra hoping to get a glimpse of more than the occasional light burning late at night. Then just as suddenly, I gave up and forgot about the party. It wasn't until I was absentmindedly shuffling through a trash pile of my desk the afternoon before the party that I remembered it. I found the invitation and studied the controlled even hand that had written it on the plain white paper.

I'm Lyla."

"I'm Steve," I explained and reached in my pocket for the invitation.

"Of course," she said, recognizing me. "You're Gene's Master. Come on in. I'll find Jack for you."

She turned on the point of her heel and walked down the hall into the front room where she cut a path through the crowd. She pointed to a chair in one corner piled with an assortment of leather jackets and suggested I leave mine there with the others.

Then it fell into place. I knew who she was. Where I'd met her months before.

"You've got a good boy, there," Jack said.

"He's learning," I said. (I don't like anyone else praising my slave or he gets a swollen head.)

"Steve," Jack commented, "I'd like to check you out some time."

I raised an eyebrow. I knew what he meant but the exact nature of the game, i.e. who would play what role, was unclear. I was a Topman and only a Topman, and nothing about Jack suggested he was interested in being in anything less than complete control.

Permission to breathe. Permission to breathe.

"Sure, Jack. When the dog here is rested, we can work him over together. I always learn watching another man up close."

"That's not what I meant."

My face must have betrayed my bewilderment. Jack gave a quick glance down at Gene on all fours supporting our booted feet, then looked back at me.

"We'll talk about it some other time," he said. He gave Gene an affectionate shove with his boot as he got up, capped my shoulder with a powerful hand and said, "Good to meet you."

Then he left the party.

I figured they'd gotten my address from Tron, the owner of the Cell, who was notorious for his lack of discretion with names and numbers when properly bribed.

I followed Lyta, people moving quickly aside for her as they would for any absolute authority. Out of nowhere, it seemed, she pulled Jack from the crowd.

"Glad you could make it."

He had on a pair of beautiful leather pants—finely cut, the leather supple and elegant—tucked into high-laced riding boots. The belt was equally impressive, woven leather with a simple brass buckle; each bicep wore a similar braided band. In the heat of the crowded room, he hadn't bothered to wear a shirt, showing instead his lean, muscular torso and broad, hairy chest. He kept his gloves on, also a fine grade of leather and supple as his own skin. His black hair had been slicked back. His recently shaven jaw already showed the blue/black of his beard.

Jack's bright blue eyes were as piercing as a cat's and naked in their assault. The unnerving penetration of desire tempered with reason. It was the face of a man who inevitably got what he wanted. The face of a conqueror.

"Thanks for inviting me."

"You should know a lot of the people here from the Cell."

"Yes," I agreed, "of course."

"Good. Well, I want to talk to you later. Right now I've got to be a host."

"Sure."

I looked around the expanse of humanity filling the house: women and men in leather, corsets, boots, high heels, capes, harnesses, rubber, uniforms, chains, dog collars and leashes. The variations were endless.

I sat alone for a while, surrounded by people but still alone as a man can be in at a party. I thought some more about Jack and all I wanted to do to him. I rearranged my crotch and looked at the crowd. I saw people I knew, a few of my own boys among them. I wondered if they were his boys as well. Mixing with the crowd, I nodded to friends.

I was the proverbial boy whistling in the dark.

After a while the party thinned out but showed no signs of stopping. I expected then that it would turn into an orgy and that my hosts were waiting for the crowd to dwindle down to a manageable, perhaps select, group. I wondered if I was going to be invited to be a part of it. Then I saw Jack. Something in his eyes said yes.

Without saying a word, he put one arm around my shoulder and led me

out. I looked into his face, cut like granite, the shadow of his beard clear even in the dim light of the room, his blue eyes darkened to indigo. His voice had turned as cold as his eyes.

He smiled a smile that was cruel and indulgent all at once.

"Come here," he said with some finality.

I approached. He grabbed me by my hair and kissed me full on the mouth, probing me, fucking my throat with his wet tongue. There was no mistaking what he meant with the kiss: It took possession, claimed me as his.

I tried to pull back, but was in a hold I couldn't break. As big I am, as strong as I am, I thought we were at least evenly matched. But I was overwhelmed by him, unable to break free of his hold on me.

"Don't resist me, Steven. You'll only make it harder on yourself. You can't get away. You might as well agree to it now."

I continued struggling until I noticed how our cocks had rubbed together during the struggle. Both were hard. My body had betrayed me. I was turned on, without knowing it. Any purpose to the struggle was, for the moment, over. I submitted, dropped to my knees and mouthed his dick through the supple,

"I continued struggling until I noticed how our cocks had rubbed together during the struggle. Both were hard. My body had betrayed me. I was turned on without knowing it. Any purpose to the struggle was, for the moment, over. I submitted, dropped to my knees and mouthed his dick through the supple, glossy leather of his pants."

away from the main room and down a dimly lit hallway where guests were collecting in twos, threes and fours, negotiating the party to come in huddled whispers. Passing a bedroom I saw a couple fucking with brutal insistence, striking each other with open hands in ecstatic frenzy. I was turned on by the eroticism in the air and moved my dick in my pants to accommodate a growing hard-on.

We went into a room at the end of the long hallway. The door shut behind us. The room was a study, shelves lined with books. I felt something go cold in my

glossy leather of his pants.

"Good boy, Steven. Good boy."

He took off the woven leather belt, made a loop through the buckle and put it over my head. I bowed my head and accepted the mark of submission.

He reached behind one of the books on the shelf and the next thing I knew, a door opened above the floor molding of the wall—a hidden passage. Jack pulled on the leash, led me through the opened panel and up the stairs. The door shut automatically behind us.

The Circle Is Complete

The builder of this house," he explained casually as we climbed the stairs "hid Chinese refugees who were being deported after their work on the railroads. He helped smuggle them up to Canada. It was the West Coast's underground railroad; lesser known than the South's, but no less important."

I said nothing but followed behind him as fast as I could on all fours. We reached a room, musty and cold with an unfinished wooden floor, empty except for one lone chair. I was told to sit. I was tied

I'm a writer, you know, an historian like yourself," Jack explained. "I specialize in nineteenth century California—maybe you've read my book? Tell me, Steve, what do you specialize in? Being a Master? You're no more Master than you are an adequate slave. You're less than a slave, how could you be a decent Master?"

I opened my mouth to tell the bastard off. The back of his hand hit me violently. I was stunned. A gag was shoved into my mouth.

"I know you didn't say anything, Steven, but you were about to and I hadn't given you permission to speak. I think it's best to stop problems before they happen. It's the only way to keep a worthless piece of shit like you in line."

I tried to escape when he said the last word. Before he disappeared, taking the light with him, he said, "This isn't a punishment, Steven; just part of the training. The gag is your punishment. Even without it, no one would hear you scream. Until tomorrow, Steven. Right now I have to return to my guests."

He came back to see me the next day. I was shivering. My will was completely broken. Unable to move or see, I ~~waited~~ my Master whimpering my gratitude at his return.

I can't explain what happened that night. Something snapped inside of me. I felt that I'd lost my manhood as surely as if he'd cut off my balls and stuffed them up my ass. I had no will of my own. I was his now. It was as if he had taken something from me. And I wondered how I could thank him when he kissed me. I had never been kissed that threw the switch between me and that made me his.

There were no significant differences between the two groups in the number of correct responses and the number of incorrect responses.

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few were [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]
[redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]
myself my [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]
this night spent [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]
still [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

decorating one side of my face

I saw myself broken

"I've something special in mind for you, Steve. You must understand that I'm doing you a favor, opening you up. You need to know something about yourself. Even Gene says so."

I stopped in my tracks and looked up at him.

"Yes, even Gene. And he thinks you're a good topman, Steve—considering how little you know."

We walked up a final flight of stairs into an attic room that had been renovated into a playroom. I looked about the room, a little awed by all I saw. To one side was an enormous claw-footed tub, equipped with a bidet. To the other side were a series of metal shackles attached to the unfinished walls. In the center of the room hung an elaborate sling.

Oh my god. I thought, he's gonna fuck me.

No one had ever fucked me Except once, the first time I went to Forsom Street

The bastard who picked me up put in handcuffs and threw me over the hood of his car. He tore a hole in the back of my jeans and shoved his meat in me without even spilling on it. Then he took me home, tied me up and left me in a cage for the weekend.

When I finally escaped a few days later, my ass was a bloody mess inside and out.

Then my friend Pete told me the bastard was a policeman. That really scared the shit out of me.

Anyway, no one had fucked me since

And here I was in a sling, tied down and helpless. I was scared, real scared—sweating and shivering so much the sling was shaking.

Permission to breathe, permission to breathe

He pulled on his dick and laughed at me. I wondered now if Jack was as crazy as that cop had been.

"You know, Steve, I'm doing you a favor," he said as he slapped his fat dick against my ass cheeks. "A mind is like a window—or even an asshole—if it's not good unless it's opened up. That's what I'm going to do for you, Steve. I'm going to open up your asshole. And your mind." He smiled wickedly. "And we'll find out what's inside."

inside

He throw back his head and laughed like the devil. Then he greased a finger and inserted it. I winced and tightened my hole.

That's no way to behave, S
when I'm doing you a favor.'

Yes, Sir

I tried to loosen my sphincter
cles, muscles I'd been unaware of
whole life, muscles I had had no
trol over until that moment. First
them now and relaxing them for
Master gave me my first hint of what
ahead.

His finger massaged the hole to being joined by a second finger. The third. It began to feel good, a soft r escaped me, a sound I didn't recognize as mine at first.

The fingers were replaced by a
The hard rubber felt cold and un-
comfortable compared to the living,
ing flesh of his fingers and I gave
small cry.

The water went on, a steady even
of warm relaxing water filling me

"Don't hold it Steve. This isn't the test you put your slaves through. It's just to clean you out. Let it flow the way it flows in. The test will be later," he added.

I did as he said. The water, warm and comforting, poured out as if pouring into a basin beneath the sink, flowing down deep into the earth. The water was flowing with the water, down the drain into complete darkness. I was in some warm safe place.

The water stopped. The hose removed. Fingers once again saged the opening to my back. When the fingers were removed, the hole open and close on emptiness. I reached for more living flesh to

Then his dick was there I opened my eyes and looked at the mirror the sling Jack's cock, thick, head massive its head resting just reach of my hole

But he wasn't pushing. I had to
out for it myself, suck it inside.
opened the hole as best I could
swallowed the tip of the mushy
head.

'Please Sir' I begged. 'More
oil to me. Sir Please . . .'

I continued begging as I grabbed the tip of his cock with my hole. He smiled at the sight of me whimpering and demoralized. Then when I swallowed the entire dickhead, he grabbed my face and threw back his head and pushed

Nothing had equipped me for the pain I felt at that moment, or the euphoria that came with it. It was as if I had been exposed to all the forces of nature, turned inside out and tossed into the wind. I'd been sent deep into the heart of the earth and left there for a sudden, hot and painful oblivion.

Steve

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Every thrust of his cock became the pounding of the earth's heart. My balls and guts were battered from within. Permission to scream. Permission to scream.

That's when I came.

I was kept inside the house for several days, usually in bondage.

I was tortured, whipped and pierced during my stay. It seemed only natural to me. Pain became the vehicle to pleasure. I was as self-centered as a cat, accepting torment as a cat accepts pleasure, demanding all stimuli selfishly and without restraint.

I was becoming myself.

When I was released, a gold ring flashed from each nipple. One ring, Jack told me, was a slave's. The other a Master's.

"I think you've earned the right to wear them both," he said.

"How did you know, Sir?" I asked many months later.

"Instinct," he said. "I can tell when a man's ass is hungry. Or when he needs the pain he gives others. There are lots of men like that, too many and most not worth shit. But I knew you'd be worth it. I knew by the way you handled Gene."

"Thank you Sir."

"I also knew you needed what I could give you."

"Thank you Sir."

I let a moment pass, then spoke again.

"Sir?"

"Yes slave?"

"Who gives you what you give me when you need it?"

He was silent a while and I was afraid I'd made him angry. Then he threw back his head and laughed his wicked laugh.

"Who, indeed!" He laughed harder than before. I thought he was near hysteria when he finally stopped.

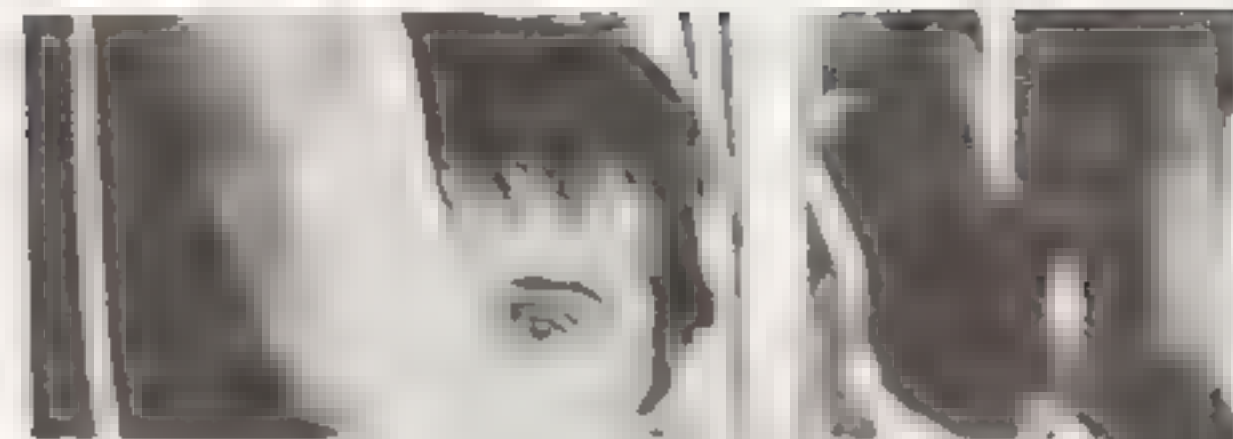
"The circle's complete," he finally said. "My Master..." He smiled broadly as he shared his secret, pausing for effect. "My Master is Gene."

I thought he was kidding me for a second, then knew he wasn't. It was too perfect—the cosmic joke. I was my slave's slave's slave, my Master's Master's Master. Betrayed by both, I felt I'd been honored and degraded in one manipulated act.

I was trapped, caught in a cyclone, not knowing where—or even if—I'd and

Jack just laughed louder. Permission to breathe. Permission to breathe. □

NAKED THEY WALK



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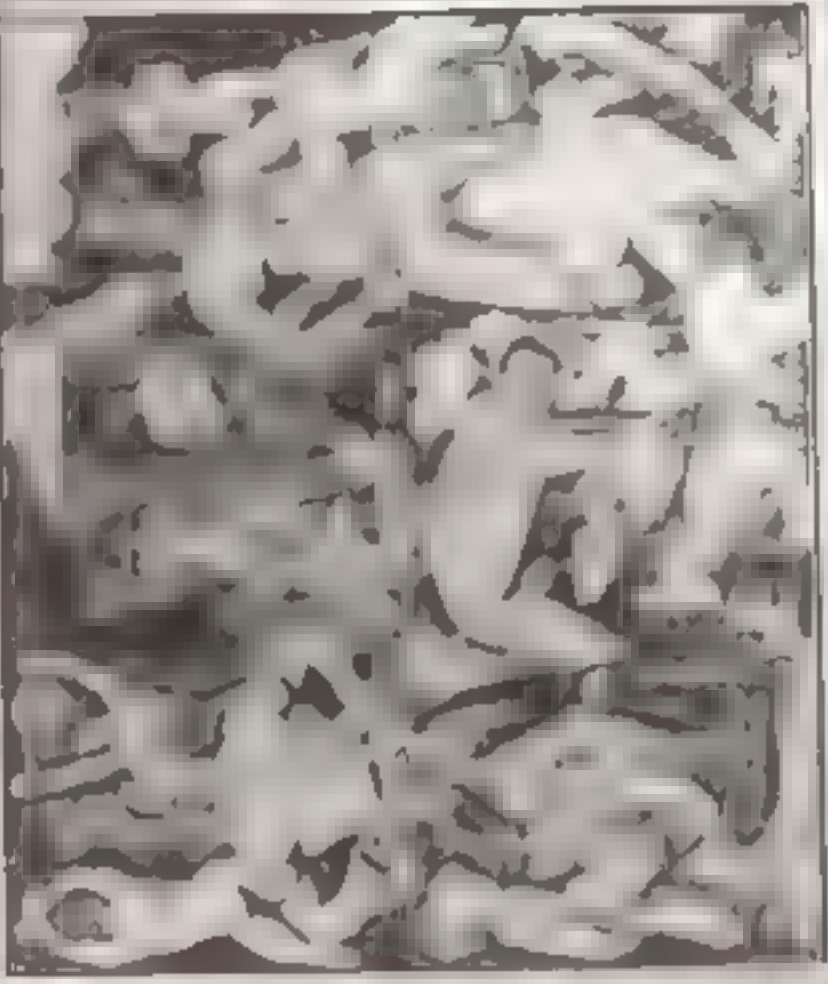
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wanted by oriental slave 38 5'11" 130# Dog training, leather rubber B/D Controlled breathing Catheters, Enemas Piercing Medical. Safe sex HIV negative Long distance relationship first live-in possible after release from military. (602) 343-0384 after 6 pm Box 6848LF

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See Organizations heading

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Hot tan W M slave animal 34 5'9" 172 lbs blond, seeks demanding, innovative, muscular hung Black Master for workouts, S.M. CBT paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek French B/D just about anything, uniforms fantasy action. Master may write to Zack. PO Box 14630 Phoenix, AZ 85035 Letter phone photo, instructions, please. LF6406

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Dad wants you for hot sale action in leather lustraps, body-hugging spandex T T V A shaving fantasy trips, exhibitionism, body worship. Dad can give or take Son top or bottom. Have toys to play with. Photo phone. At Box 1356 Mad Sq Sta NY NY 0159 Box 6700LF

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Horny Sicilian Bear Dad (45) with hungry bear boy (35), is looking for a Silver Bear Dad (55+) of his own. Let's get together and show the boy what men are interested in. PO Box 2251 SF 94126

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47 seeks exceptional younger man, I'm 5'10" 150 lbs, black hair brown eyes good build and looks, very masculine dynamic, able, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance submission, send letter with photo to: Mich PO Box 9395 Scottsdale, AZ 85262 Box 6398LF

SLAVE BOY WANTED

Two hot Chicago Masters, 28-31 bearded tattooed and pierced seeking hot boy. Must be into heavy nipple work just like his Masters. Must be honest into leather discipline bondage and fantasy. Boy will be shaved, collared and hooded. Relocation possible. Send submit, size letter and photo immediately. Box 6377LF

MUSCLE LEATHERMAN WANTED

Gay white couple, me 5'8" 155 lbs, brown hair blue eyes mustache 46 look 35. Madhus body into CBT, VA, FF weights, stretching safe sex. Partner 5'9" slim, brown curly hair blue eyes, mustache 37 very cute into muscle body worship. Your picture gets ours. JDR 107 Wood Hill Trail, Augusta GA 30909

LEATHERSON WANTED

Leatherdad, 56 5'9" 170# gray hair hui gray beard glasses, motorcycle man into assplay, fucking, WS, BD, SM Fantasy fulfillment, has the partner needs bright hard working son servant, 21-45+ to be dad's naked sex toy and to complete family. Les Box 511265 SLC, UT 84151 1265 Box 4733LF

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Healthy hung in-shape protective and caring Master Dad 37-40 for intimate and business partner. I seek a man who is easy going, creative, financially independent, open to new business ventures. Travel I can and will relocate. Letter and photo to Box 6703LF

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Must be muscular, butch, submissive, interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find no bullshit relationship. He unusual WM 37 5'11" 175 lbs., dark mustache and beard, lean masculine, muscular. Really Successful confident in charge. Emotionally available. Not into gay scene. Landmark 227 N. Federal Highway Dania, FL 33004

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Wiccan Master owns primary slave. Expanding household has room for 1-2 additional slaves. Serve year or longer. Low-stress spiritual orientation. Could be ideal for HIV+ or mature slaves willing to learn, desiring obedience, submission and opportunities for personal growth. If extremely serious and willing to make substantial changes in your life, write Panman. PO Box 80053 Moles, MN 55440H

U.S. MUSCLE EUROPE

See West Germany section

JOIN FALLEN ANGELS

A new correspondence club forming designed for men into leather bondage toys etc. Send a SASE to PO Box 9121 Stockton, CA 95208-1221. For fallen angels 21 and over

NOW TAKING APPLICATIONS

for life Partner by successful professional W.M. 40 6'2", 230#, black hair beard mustache, hazel eyes, 8+ cut, tattooed, pierced, harley rider non-smoker. Looking for a MAN who would be proud to stand beside me. For details write DPR. PO Box 572 Worthington OH 43085-0572 Box LF6440

COUPLE SOUGHT

by lean dark Mexican bottom, 32. Seek to develop contribute to working trusty healthy open sexual relationship in live-in setting. Responsible fun is sometimes partying hard, and stable partners/buddies, 21-40 desiring third mate committed to contributing and serving, everything moderately, please write. Will relocate. Box 6705LF

COMPETITIVE TYPE BBs

Opportunity for real beefy BB who needs a mate to transcend. Ours for former muscle gain and discipline. Letter with photo to GRL BPIB19 F75422 Paris Codex 09, and

LEATHER NAZI

18 5'8" seeks same or redneck cop-type heavy duty Nazi conversation. Fucking around relationship. Gett Hawaii. POB 272364, Con cord, CA 94527

LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense prolonged scenes if you are into immobilization, CBT, W/S, shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40 in shape and ready for the experience. Reply with photo, descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year old BB 5'8" 185 lbs. Top LF4883

Q: What do Max Bear and Roger Rabbit have in common?

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HOT AND KINKY BODYBUILDER

36 W M hairy and healthy BB has a big juicy hole for an aggressive man. Truckers, cops, leathermen serviced to your specifications. Grooved paws a real turn on. No scal or speeders. JB. PO Box 410034 San Francisco CA 94141

FACESITTING

Safe No scal Top or Bottom Letter Photo to PO Box 204, Station F, Toronto Ontario, Canada M4Y 2L5

COPS ONLY

You protect—I serve. W M 27 masculine, real hy, discrete. No fakes or bullshit. Photo appreciated, returned G. Slanka, Box 2642 8033 Sunset LA CA 90046

GOT AN ACCENT?

Want a blowjob? SF area, but I like mail. Pierced skinny guys, smooth dark skin. Box Alpha

DAD SEEKS B/B SON

Successful W.M. 38 5'10" 155 lbs will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW. PO Box 1373 Manhattan KS 66502

BOY-SLAVE

Good looking eager to please hot hung Daddy Master 1-519-749-0881

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he makes exciting! The longest section in "THE LEATHER REPORT" is "FOG BOUND" starring two popular ministers of leather MARK ALEXANDER and JOE FALCO. Then give and take will have you groping and hard! Warning: this video is fully loaded and you might get off at any time.



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LITTLE MEN WANTED

Under 4' 6" tall. Hot, hairy, beer-bellied, Italian Dad 5'9" looking for anything-goes sex with hot men of small stature with big ideas. Photos, letters, and whatever else necessary to lead to meetings. Box 2251, SF, CA 94126

BASEBALL PLAYER WANTED

WM 5'9" 150 33 seeks All American baseball player 33+. Pro, semi-pro, or minor leaguer who needs a Gay Friday or personal assistant. I understand the importance of discretion in your life. No out to make trouble. I just need a baseball playin' buddy. Box 6926

TOP SON

Submissive Dad wanted by hot, short, straight-acting son. You 30-45, protective, masculine, strong-bodied, quiet kind of guy who needs to completely satisfy son's needs. Your cut dick, natural, heavy low-hangers, receptive ass and throat are for son's use/abuse. Son, young 40, demanding, playful, imaginative. Let's clamp those nipples, pull twist, slap those Daddy balls. Not spoiled yet son has expectations of a Dad who knows his son can do no wrong. Plusses: tall, muscular. Detailed applications to Box 8927

STREET WISE AND HOT FOR SEX

look for same. Long hours alone, groups. Substance, sexual, sensual. No roles, no attitudes, no limits. Can travel. Box 6919

I am a muscle slave

willing to submit to a handsome Master to 45 yrs. of verbal abuse, bondage, hoods, gags, etc., C&B work & whippings (safe sex only). Slave is 38, 165 5'10", very handsome bodybuilder with brown hair, eyes, moustache & smooth body. Master S/R. await your letter & photo so I may begin to serve you. Box 6917

TO DO IT

Masochist slave seeks experienced 40 and over Sadistic/Topmen in Ala, Tenn, GA, & VA for overnight and weekend rituals of pain and pleasure. Box 6918

FEED ME HOT SHIT

Shit eater (my own) needs tall, muscular, endowed Top to feed my hungry mouth and fill my gut with big loads of hot hard loads followed by recycled Bud. Am HIV negative. you must be same. Cops, bodybuilders, cigars a plus. Near I-95 in DC Metro area. Box 6910

COUNTRY COUSIN

Place your ad now. Send photo. \$10.00 now. Box 130677 Houston, Texas 77219

ENGLISH TOURIST

Ex-military guy, 5'10" 177 lbs. 52 touring states in '89. Wants to experience American scene. Would like to meet masters willing to share gear and slave or will submit to your orders and punishment. Box 6913 International Postage Required

FUN & ADVENTURE

Creative and humiliating public/private games/challenges followed by appropriately predefined rewards/punishments per quality of performance. Slim, safe, intelligent. 20-40 sought by tall, handsome WM. open-minded, experienced. Box 981 Portland, Oregon 97207

EXECUTIVE SEEKS SLAVE

Handsome, very muscular, dark haired executive 35 & 1" 180 (9" thick) is looking for a high quality slave who wants to be completely trained to be an executive assistant and in service (the very HOT Dominant Top if you body is not in shape now. I'll help have very good potential. If you are intelligent, loving, affectionate, obedient, and very willing, then you have a big advantage. You will be trained to socialize in powerful circles and you will live as a Prince as long as you serve me devotedly. You would live with me, love with me, work with me and play with me. You

would be my companion, my valet slave and my executive right arm. I will relocate you if you succeed in convincing me that you are completely qualified. Send your detailed application (with photos and phone #) to PO Box 3697 Minneapolis MN 55403

BONDAGE, LEATHER, BOOTS

Dutch, goodlooking, versatile, leatherclad bootlicker 33 5'10" blond, ready to travel and meet in elegant leather Master for safe, imaginative, heavy bondage scenes, hoods, gags, VA, TT Playroom? Dungeon? Photo and international postage required. Box 6912

BOYSTUD REDUCED TO SLUT!

The fantasies of humiliating arrogant smooth boystride: you're gay? Punk mohawk turned into slut swim team captain in panties, cute ultimate then a brass knuckles, crying boystride as punishment, butchers, pets and toilets, etc. let's exchange with on fan bases. Box 1005 Canadian Postage Required. Pan

SHIT

Hot WM 30s 175 7" cock action type seeks hot slim younger slave type for buddy with big hole huge to do for mutual fucking, fucking, arse-riding, finks & toys. Serious hot pigs only. Rocky Mountain area. Picture photo gets mine. Box 6911

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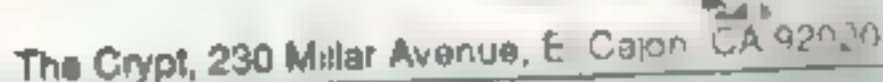
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SMELLY COCKS & RTY ASSHOLES

EXCITE ME Healthy GWM really enjoys dirty sex with hot guys. Especially turned on to smelly un-cut dicks. Love the aroma of fragrant assholes. Squat over me and let me sniff & slurp you clean. Make me tell you how it smells! Phone # & horny letter Box 6371LF. Hurry!

WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM 31, 8' 160 brn/blue beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Wml correspondence and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

HAIRY SF TRANSSEXUAL

Small, submissive female-to-male transsexual (bearded, muscular, masculine with pussy instead of cock/balls) wants big, dominant bear or occasional, regular meetings, or relationship. I'm intelligent, employed, HIV-negative, clean, natural (w/ out addictions, hormones, jewelry, scents/detergents), seeking same. No scat, W/S, torture; just safe-sex bondage. Box 6783LF

SADISTIC BALL TORTURE

23-yr-old punk wants sadistic leatherman to tie me down and put me through the manhood ritual of brutally torturing my nuts till I talk 'submit'—and then going farther! I'm 6' 1" 155# blond athletic 7'5" with nuts of steel! Photo. PO Box 2748, Sunnyvale, CA 94087. Box 6776LF

WILDLIFE IN THE CITY

Western State Titleholder is searching Nation-wide for that special boy. My boy seeks a monogamous long-term relationship with Dad in his 40s. My boy is 20-30s, and like his Dad is creative, intelligent, intimate, sensitive, HIV Neg., substance-free, physically attractive, loving, caring, human being who believes in himself and lives his dreams. If you have the wings of a young eagle and the courage to soar with me, then apply proudly to take your rightful place by my side. Send photo and personal resume to S.R. PO Box 1616, Guerneville, Calif 95448. Box 6766LF

DOMINANT SON SOUGHT

By Military Man/Submissive Dad. Am W/M 40 & 180 lbs. Looking for younger man who wants to dominate man in uniform. White only, clean-cut preferred. Box 6756

RUBBER

I've got new rubber shirt and jeans and want to meet buddies with similar interests. Box 6758

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town 5'8" 135 lbs. 32 yrs. copper beard, furry, 8' clipped, oversexed, tattooed seeks to submit to bossman for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, shaving, ass beating, piss, TT. All available to Master who needs to dominate a together stud & turn him into his butch son, slave dog. If you can rope me, you can hump me. If you can cage me, you can keep me (Hairy preferred. Mark. PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (LF5439)

OVER DADDY'S KNEE

Little boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass, teach proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy, likes his ass beat with paddles and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble butt. Bearded Daddies only. I'm 30, 5'6", 20 lbs., smooth body. Box 6486LF

RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED

Relationship oriented, 35, 5'10", 150, smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each other's clothes, odors, piss, shit, puke etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Beards a must. PO Box 880647, San Francisco, CA 94188-0647 (LF6425)

ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY

Cunt bottom needs to serve horny, arrogant stud Top—red assed! Use verbal abuse, discipline, corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV- No drugs, please. Box 6477

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER MASTER

Masculine white, 30 year old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced levelheaded tops! My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M, but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe-sex oriented (no fluid, blood FF). Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit. Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

ATTENTION BOOTLICKERS

If your place is at your master's feet, licking his boots on your knees with your shaved ass in the air, then you might qualify to be chained in my dungeon. There I will administer all you can take in the way of TT ball weights, whipping, paddling, and W/S. I am seeking a tall, trim, muscular man who appreciates being manhandled by an experienced, rough but tender master. Send nude photo, letter and phone to Box 4986LF

SAN RAMON VALLEY

Who's out there? Clean-cut, versatile GWM 35 wants to meet other attractive leather oriented guys in the 580,680 area. Open to friendship, hot y/o, bondage, 3-ways, and more. Younger and/or inexperienced guys are welcome. Send photo (preferred), description and interests. Box 6561LF

TONGUE BATH TOILET


For smelly facesitters over 40. Shit, piss, toe jam. Looks not important. Blacks, overweight OK. Photo, phone please to PO Box 34-7125, San Francisco, CA 94134. 7125

I NEED TO SNIFF YOUR HOLE

Nice looking office type, 42, seeks contact with younger, aggressive, blue collar worker. If you would enjoy making me tongue clean your sweaty pits/balls and sniff your ripe asshole while Chuck. PO Box 51201, Palo Alto, CA 94303. Safe only

JUDGE JURY EXECUTIONER

wanted by 23-year-old blond, 5'6" tall, 160 lbs., blue-eyed cigar-smoking college boy whose cock hardens at the sight of a noose. Into cops, cigars, execution prison scenes, military, bondage, leather, VA, hoods, gags. String me up, Sgt. All scenes people considered. Box 6310LF



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WHIPMASTER

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white 33, 5'11" shaved head, mustache, hairy body sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, Bt torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069 (LF5803)

PISS SLAVES WANTED

Goodlooking Top wants to ride him slave bottoms into bear weed fantasies safe sex 1 m 5'9" 150 lbs. br/bl good shape Write Bill Box 8891 Pix?

EXHIBITIONIST

33 B.W.M. horny and sexy hung and hot built and beautiful Experienced Seeking opportunities Any scene OK w/ other hunk s) Cue the spotlight open the curtain, and give me S.M. B/D W.S. imagination Give (accept) the challenge. Let's blow our minds Greg (714) 499-4079 (No V.O. calls) Box 6562

MASCULINE YOUNGER BROTHER

Very masculine big brother W.M. 42' 8" 250M dominant, very possessive, wants younger brother to take under the wing. Lil bro her must be 25-35. G.W.M. masculine muscular Marine-type guy. Bro guys are a big plus. Living in Pomona-Ontario also an assai Letter-photo to: Tom 12475 Central Avenue #154, Chino CA 91710 714 597-8095 Box 6560LF

SO. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include VA, bondage boots TT/CBT, wax, shaving, and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at: 'Puppy' Box 148 7985 San A Monica Blvd N 09 West Hollywood CA 90046

HOT SURFER STUO

Blond bodybuilder 29, 6' 180, extremely goodlooking, hung and experienced, wants hot bottom for sweaty workouts and submission Photo a must. 8721 Santa Monica Boulevard Apt 644 West Hollywood 90069

COUPLE SEEK BUTCH BOTTOM

Hot hairy masculine Sir and his boy looking for butch masculine bottom with good attitude in the right place. Must be in shape, healthy, and willing to take orders. Sir-boy both handsome 2' 0 lbs 185 lbs, good hunky build, well hung Novices welcomed, will train Respond with photo Boxholder PO Box 1572 Paramount CA 90723

FIND A REAL MAN IN DEAR SIR**SUBSERVIENT BLONDE JOCK**

30, wants long-term relationship with dominant man 28-45. I'm goodlooking muscular, bound, educated, masculine, employed, honest. Ready to share my life with one MAN who is as caring and loving as I am, but knows who's boss when it counts. Serious. PO 16813, San Diego, CA 92116

JAIL SCENES SOUGHT

Clean-cut biker 6'1" 180, br/bl, 38, seeks strict Top for arrest-incarceration scenes Uniforms, steel restraint, white line brig type rules, cells, cages, hard labor in irons, shaving are turn-ons. Overnl. weekend or longer term Box 6805

ANIMALS

WM 33 5'10" 165 lbs very hot

able photo letter gets same Box 6726 LF

SHARE THE ADVENTURE

30s to 40s and successful Looks are less important than attitude I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as d you are. Sammy (714) 220-0513 6566LF1

30s to 40s and successful Looks are less important than attitude I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as d you are. Sammy (714) 220-0513 6566LF1

WANTED: HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex-slaves to service my 9' X7 mastercock Must be 18-30 possess a well-maintained physique Experienced in extended servicing sessions I am 28, 6'5" 220M dk hr & eyes msich & fry Have live-in full-time KEPT positions avail Serious slaves Ring for a serious commitment, should send application w photo & phone to Marcus Box 6728LF

HOT FAT GUY

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men A scenes. Call (213) 285-3327

**PR MO ASS**

Wholesome, muscular WM 30s, craves to explore his submissive fantasies of being spanked and dildoed fucked Muscular friendly stud needed as steady Tim Hunt, 1187 Coast Village Road, MI-134, Santa Barbara CA 93108 2794

BAKERSFIELD/KERN CNTY BOYS

Sought by big brother/Daddy 31 6' 190 lbs br/bl, mustache & masculine educated & professional HIV Looking for hot AU American white boy 18-28 for possible relationship Must be submissive in bedroom but has own mind out of it. Boy must have great ass and love to be fucked No fats, drugs, sissies or barflies Write Boxholder PO Box 748 Bakersfield, CA 93303

HEAVY GAG & HAND SPANKING

Submissive WM 29 old light elaborate restraint imprisonment Leather ropes chains, hoods, masks, hoods, racks, stocks suspension Classic and ridiculous torture punishment scenes Medieval Inquisition etc Hard bare butt spanking strap crop, cat-o-nine hardwood paddle cane Birch, etc. Strict merciless No sex, just discipline! Meet or correspond Box 6826

ESCAPED PRISONER NEEDS CAPTURING

San Diego Area GWM 31 6'1" 170 needs shackling, handcuffing, confinement humiliation Will become guard's prisoner and slave if don't escape Looking for long term confinement relationship I'm HIV neg and clean same a must. Send detailed letter photo Occupant Box 1652 Solana Beach 92075 Box 6838LF

COCKY MASTER/SON SOUGHT

by successful trim-bearded hunky San Diego W M 42 masculine younger 5'10" 165 8" Son to 5'11", slim, 7" plus 22-37 Levi Leather w/boots to bring Dad to his knees for discipline humiliation, heavy cock-ball-body-boot service W.S. dog training possible! Should like cuddling, affection, smoke, poppers Write w pic if possible & phone Box 6932LF

COLORADO**YOUNG WHITE-ASIAN**

for his bondage and spanking m GWM, 5'1 variation (onion, fun, hike, travel) No S M 703, 872 4177

FIT TO BE TIED!

and my if in Novice 4L 11 lbs, being y... for me... hard for... w... bondage... ed up... ready... but not... my light round firm butt glow then use a condom to fuck me Domina with open, rack paddle whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends Toys, some lit work but no heavy pain No WS, FF scat, shaving, drugs damage please Submissive and respectful, but no humiliated bottom Box 6780LF

CONNECTICUT**FISTING BUDDY WANTED**

WM, 5'10", 170 lbs., muscular, versatile, seeks similar for mutual s... and action. Novices welcome PO Box 97 Riverside, CT 06878 203 856 2043 9 930 am M F

LEVIS, FLANNEL SHIRTS 4x4s

Bear trucker type, self-employed carpenter WM, 5'4" 160, 38 bearded hairy, pierced cock into levis, recycled beer, sweat catheters, piercing, tattoos, piss hole work, hot wax cock modification, electricity, Right stud with rry? Blue collar, bearded blonde a plus 06778 locals & photo/phone same. Box 6677LF

HARTFORD TITS AND ASS

GWM 47 6'4" 200 lbs. into tit ass and CBT workouts Slow and long. No games, just men Hard safe sex HIV neg If you are in shape and ready for the experience, write a descriptive letter PO Box 95, East Glastonbury, CT 06026 Box 6632LF

DELAWARE**THE MAKING OF MEN**

I'm really not a Leather-Daddy, just like boys who need to be serviced by a man. Prefer young, slender buns, proportionate structure No smokers, drugs, drunks or live-ins You don't have to serve me I'm tall, stout, white non-racist experienced When was your last good service job? Will travel, photo appreciated. Box 6326LF

DC-METRO**DEDICATED LEATHERMAN**

GWM, 40, 5'10" br/bl, 150 lbs, mustache goatbe seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual Special turn-ons include litwork, hair tats PO Box 2341 Manassas VA 22110 (LF4696)

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM 4' 11" 175 45" chest, 30" waist w... together, inner erotic Learn muscular non-smoker use abuse, whipping, safe sex Ex-military special warfare Refate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9 1/2 Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy JW PO Box 44029, Ft Washington, MD 20744 (LF5030)



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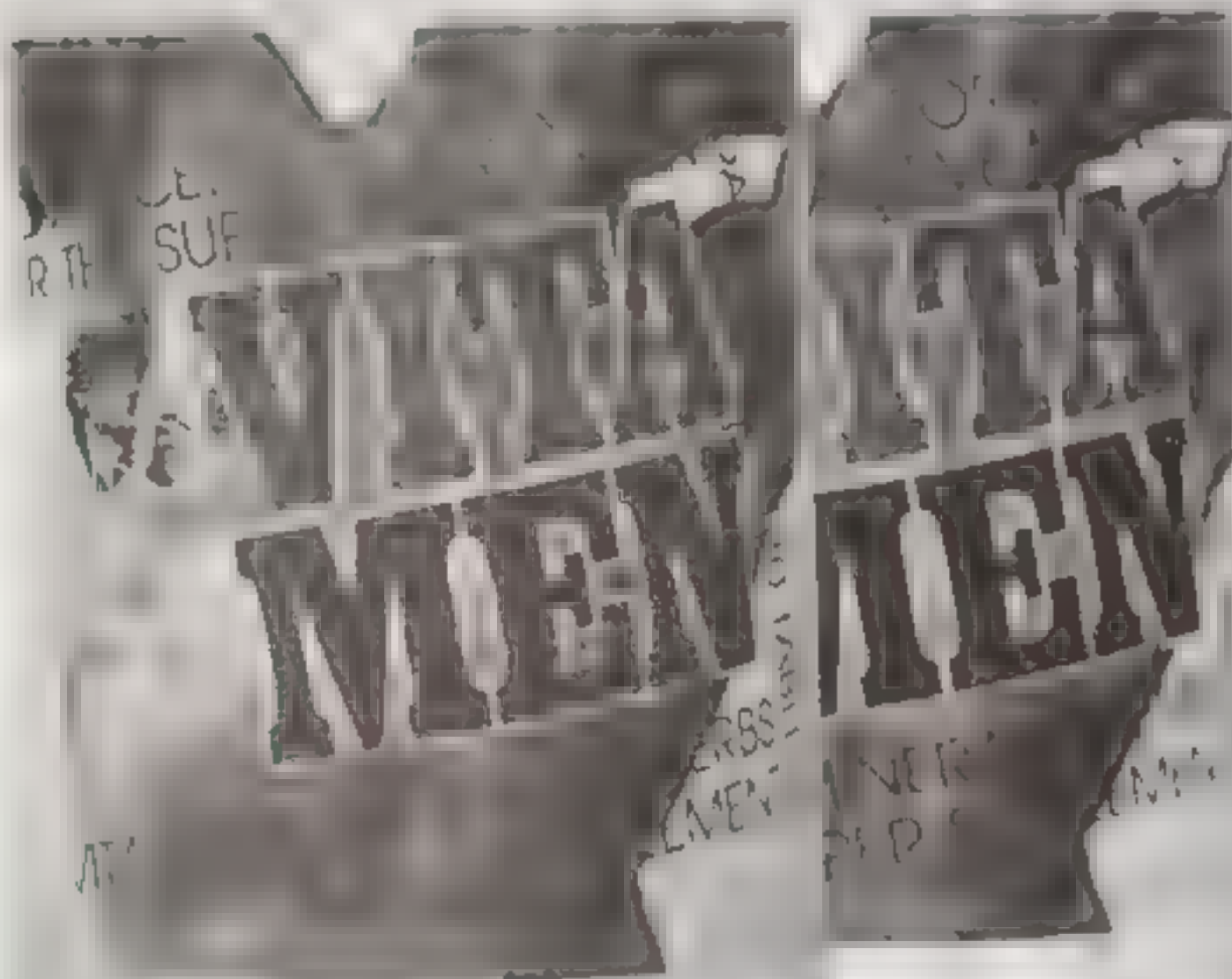
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SADISTIC S CILIAN MASTER

37 5'9" 190. seeks dog or pig into heavy heavy V A, whippings, pleasurable torture. CBT, TT, FF W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit hat hkes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF

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Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes Call (212) 629-1990

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32 YO sadist has insatiable appetite for seeing welts and bruises while listening to screams and moans coming through a gag. Call (212) 777 2632 but keep it short

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Well trained bottom seeks experienced Master Top Pain fantasy exhibitionism 3 ways Reply w/plc. Box 6889

YNG RAUNCH DUDE

W M. Bklyn 26 5'8" 150. seeks same age or younger. him into mutual bondage with hvy scat, piss, puke and foot worship. All letters w/photo answered Box 6817

DEAR SIR YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET**SPANKING WANTED**

WM will grope fully dressed man 25 young You give me a firm barehanded spanking as punishment for groping you without permission Accompanying safe sex optional. No drugs po heavy drinkers hustlers f my place. no parking problem. But write to Box 680 132 W 24 S NYC 001

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49 6' 10" clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence obedience over arrogance ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness. and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior Box 478 LF

HOT SON-BOTTOM NEEDED

by hot Daddy Top 47 BB athletic 5'10" 170 masculine, sensitive for serious, lasting relationship. into S.M. B.D. all assplay, (safe) Gr A, spanking. Your any race good body serious about relationship and commitment Photo/Phone (must) to Box 774. 263A W 19 St NY NY 10011 Box 677)LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

id train him for service in relationship centered on Master's cock with Master's pleasure, comfort, convenience to come first Perhaps a deeper relationship will follow Slave is ish 34 B 190# NYC & Upstate Non-live-in on call o scheduled to star Box 6842LF

HOT SPANKING

needed for X-football lock with fat beefy ass. experienced top guys only PO Box 232 Ellicott Station Buffalo, NY 14205

TOILET AVAILABLE

38 year old pig craves shit, piss, snot, b.o. smegma, verbal abuse, humiliation, degradation and lots more from imaginative filthy stinkin Topmen to 45 Send photo Occupant Box 1725 West Caldwell, NJ 07007-1725. Looking forward to a disgustingly good time.

GANG RAPE

WM 37 5'9" asspussy needs rough asspawing and mouthstufing rape piss V A, spit by cops, uniforms, frats, street gangs, rough tops. Healthy and expect same Also into tough topman domination, armpits, foreskin B.D. Bluecollar, hung, noisy roughfuckers a plus. Detailed action, photo to Box 6427LF

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR**CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE**

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my meion ass cheeks molded hard But, this healthy 41 W M Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention Man is 5'7", 135 lbs bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest ass c'b into mutual heavy ass work ass toys ball and footfucking, c.l. mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to over weights, inexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them Communicate by phoning (212) 255-3138 7-12pm EST or write Box 1440 Madison Square Station NYC NY 10159 with photo phone, description Experience a real MAN! LF5575

STRICT DISCIPLINE

Men will be men and therefore on occasion require firm no nonsense discipline to improve their behavior strengthen their character or break their bad habits. Agree? If so, then write this 6'2" mustached serious white male with your ideas/experiences Lives upstate--does some traveling Photo Box 6 68LF

UPSTATE LEATHERMAN

Hot leathered ad. bonted man into the s. all taste and feel of black leather seek a n. Muscular hardboiled white 35-45 hinde mustache good body all in is the hake chis. drive but in forms, muscles like SM HD safe action only Ponglknegatadad e n. phone p. Box 6845LF

DADDY NEEDS JSE

Sturdy WM JB needs hot arrogant sadistic cock studs jocks, bikers, mechanics, red necks to work over use me Muscled hung J/C shit stomping ball busting WM 18 20s have me as total bootlick toilet, punchbag suck machine, fuckhole Filthy boots lews leather forced buddy use a - Box 6844LF

HOT HAIRY ASS

ready for your pleasure. Sir Me 26 redhead 5'9" 150lb into bondage W S etc You Black or Latin, hung and into hot white ass Box 6875

BANG THIS BONDAGE NOVICE

Some luseburners soullessing thumping cockchewing ballmassages hoiespanning WM 37 5'11" 160, beard muscular versatile desires lean, solid, captivating, trusted, white condombuddy Box 6881

LEATHER N UNIFORM LATINO

Macho-Handsome-Tough 30, 5'8", slim defined, 135 lbs Black hair brown eyes, thick slash. Wants: slim handsome hung VERY Macho Top 25-45 Who craves prolonged oral service n action—both in Total Leather Police uniforms Light V A-B/D TT pot & poppers SS Photo gets same NYC & NJ & JSA. Box 6557LF

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THE REAL THING

Master 38, has opening for slave-branee under 35. First, collar and leash. Later cuffs, chains, heavy B/D. Ultimately shaving, piercing and chastity belt. You can keep your day job, but you will still be my property. True commitment offered mutual respect assured. Photo phone sincere only. Box 667BLF

PUNISHMENT SLAVE

Good-looking Italian needs correction and will service tough sane White, Black, Hispanic man in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber 3 piece suits, leather, gut punch, catheters, enemas, cock & ball, verbal, safe sex, can be top. No phones. Tel 1-718-SM 80 408 Dave, PO Box 150 834, Brooklyn, New York 11215 or Box 6687LF

FOOTBALL TEAM CAPTAIN

Hot WM 33 6'1" 185, very attr, masculine and works out, seeks talk-big guy who was or wishes he were a TEAM CAPTAIN to act out sweaty lockerroom, frat-hazing, foot and other explosive fantasies. Call Hank, btwn 8 pm-12 mid, to meet in NYC (NO phone pls) at (212) 675-7352 Box 6688LF

WESTERN NY RUBBERMAN

Rubberman 6ft., 175lbs., 37 yrs. old, full beard and stach, pierced tits and dick, needs Master Lover or playmate on a regular basis, heavy into rubber latex leather sports gear and uniforms

water sports, verbal abuse, sharing, orgasms used rubbers, hot kinky sex. Tell me what turns you on and let's give it a try. Box 667WL

FF BUTTHOLE STRETCHING

Wanted by a good-looking, WM 33 6'3" 165 lbs. brown hair, eyes, mustache into leather FF TT, dildoes, looking for a Top or versatile but attractive man under 48 for good times and more. Answer with photo for fast reply. Box 670WL

ALBANY AREA

Hot, arrogant bodybuilder 25-40 wanted by submissive son, little brother (novice 24). You are hot, superior to most men know it and flaunt it. You are arrogant, macho, and very straight acting and you enjoy this magazine as a letting it take over your life. I am of average looks and build (6'1" 165) with a lot of potential looking for someone to give me the discipline I need. Please Sir, develop my mind and mold my body to your level of perfection while service your every need. Uniforms, cops, gym teachers, boots, Italian, Latin, a plus. Moving army and HIV negative a must. Enclose phone photo, all expectations. Box 6882

18 TO 7

Hot men sought by photographer to appear in pic and video. ALL types, 18 to 7. Here's your chance to show off your best. Tony C. Photography (212) 711 1437

BIG, PIERCED TITS, UPSTATE

BT TKSCHH-S. Pierced, bearded Leatherman mid thirties, 6'4" 200 lbs., handsome and in good shape into sensual and or heavy tit play and piercing. Seeks handsome Leatherman with similar interests. Box 6620LF

POLICE BUFF

wants to free MOS to horse around with nothing heavy in and/or out of the bag. I have flexible hours. No heavy drinkers. Parking is easy. If I am to contact you at a public phone, allow several contact times. Box 6605

ING TOUGH MUSCLE SON WANTED

New York City Daddy live in with secure job, CWM 40 and aka CBT pec and looking, and stand on abs use your powerful muscles to serve dad's every need and learn for competition. Ph:Ph a must for this hairy heat with good build. Box 4717LF

FIGHTING BUDDY WANTED

Experienced WM 35, 6' 160 lbs, in shape and leather top looking for buddy for all night deep ff, Mutual and other scenes possible with the right person. Photo gets

100 BIKES VERY TALL

5'10" 195 41 very muscular seeks in-shape men 6'4" or taller for mutual S&M. Rick 486A Hudson St. NYC, NY 10014

FRIEND/MASTER WANTED

very goodlooking college student 5'7" 185 lbs. You're under 30, over 5'11" 185 muscle. Together we'll hang out, party, you love making me beg wck feet CBT inexperienced, need good buddy. Ph: Phone Box 6925

WHITE COMET/BLACK HOLE

Hot white leatherman, 38 seeks Black for launch ass scenes, toys, shaving. 6906

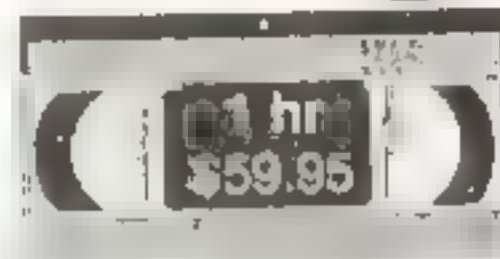
WHITE FISTING HOLE

Submissive hot, attractive, masculine TOM into FISTING, at itching spanking, enemas, worship, more, eager to please, generous, imaginative, healthy, versatile, not go to bars, willing to learn, but always HEAT for pleasing BLACK, LATIN and W top MEN. Serious Fun, B.B. and Big FAT plus, (39 5'10", 165 BI/BI, shaven W. Apt #4 205 East Broadway, NYC, NY 10002

SLICK HAND WILD HOLE

NYC FF expert, 38, 155 5'10" smooth bod with playroom & sling seeks trim clean-cut local lis, buddy 20-35 to 16 hls intense body worship, u.O. oil, aromas and great safe mutual hole action to repeat workouts. Serious student G. Box 3035, New York, NY 10185

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A CHALLENGE TO A REAL MASTER

Bottom, passive is seeking to serve, expand and learn from knowledgeable Master(s). Young acting and thinking 45 educated, blond hair and blue eyed. Wishes to continue previous training in the leather and S.M arts. Needs to be a captive of a Master who is not bound to any rigid "method" but is able to use a good mind and willing body for his pleasure. Age and appearance secondary to ability. Based NYC, travel WNY often, other areas occasionally. Phone and photo helpful. Box 6930LF

INITIATE A PREPPY!

Collegiate, clean-shaven, 28 6'9" 150 lbs reddish-blond, cut, Joe-College look. Dirty talk, assplay, spanking, nipples are a turn-on. Show me how a real man jerks off. Photo required. Tell me how you'd show me a safe hot masculine limit. Box 8501 FDR Station NYC 10150.16936LF

MUTUAL RAUNCH

Kissing, licking, sucking, rimming, sweating pits, nipple stretching. 69 To at oral - no Greek no condoms W M pig 46 6'1" 185 6" cut, grey hair & beard, bear hairy, big nipples. You must be a bearded mutual pig 35+ & into nipples. Need a steady fuck buddy lover Box 8499

RA NMAKER WANTED

This year's drought has left this 38 yr old 5'9" 175# athletic WM parched like W S. He BD, jockstraps, leather, hairy play, chest on beely guys give - per size vice Box 9659 Rochester NY 14619

NORTH CAROLINA**PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS**

GWM 34, 5'11" 160 lbs. wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet, well insured and will sign any necessary releases. I would like a copy of the edited tape for myself. What you do with the video after that is your business. Box 6343LF

OHIO

ME Gwm 40 5'10" 162 Bn Bn On. Sadistic Master Moustache, Thinning Hair Independent, Masculine Hairy you get submissive masochistic slave younger shorter or hot skin or hunky body before and masculine blond, swimmer slide. A bodybuilder construction farm or blue-collar punk but open to others. DRESS Leather

Levis, Uniforms, Cowboy. INTEREST SM CBT, Bondage, Discipline, Hot Wax, Spanking, Ass Beating, Whipping, Flogging, Electro, Blindfold, Constriction, Spit, Sweat, TOOLS, Whips, Belts, Paddles, Straps, Canes, Cut's, Restraints, Ropes, Chains, Gags, Blindfolds, Hoods, Clamps, Candles, Generators, Violet Wands, Catle Prods, Rawhide Collars, Brushes. CONDITIONS: Me: Drug Free, you: non-abuser. Safe. Sane. Consensual. Brutal. Prolonged Intense. RESPOND SIR PO Box 0821 Cincinnati OH 45210 Box 6837LF

DADDY MASTERS NEEDED

GWM 35 185 lbs 5'11" beard brown hair green eyes, 7" cut. A Fr P Gr submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops 25-45 for SM BD WS, TT, C, BT, FF, shaving, enemas. Expand my limits while I worship your body Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton, Ohio. Box 55 4LF

LEATHER FANTASIES BECOME REALITY IN DEAR SIR**HUNKY OHIO DADDY**

W M 40s 6'3" beard hot hairy seeks for one to discipline, control, your body to expand our sexual fantasies. you're W M bottom for sm, need. couples send a letter with photo. Ft. Lauderdale OH 43081 606-7LF

CALVIN KLEIN SPORT

WM 27 husky, attractive, very Madison Avenue very GQ. Professional fun, kinky and aggressive. Looking for HOT muscular body builders with HUGE COCKS and ego to tie down to my SOLOFLEX machine and use as SEE FIT! S&M, Bondage, hoods, gags, whips. The whole fucking 9 yards! Feel my wet mouth and tongue work over you. It's as you strain against your inner restraints. Feel my tongue run down your stomach over your balls and into your hairy ass. Squirm and feel the ecstasy as I fuck your ass with HUGE DILDOOS. Let my experienced hands fist fuck you for hours on end. Interests include photography (you will be photographed WELL HUNG BLACKS. Calvin Klein underwear anything Armani or Gianni Versace and young chicken. I'm caring, sensitive, in control. Republican and looking for that "PERFECT" relationship. If you enjoy being dominated with A F JINNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO H ACHWARD PLACE PO Box 381 Akron OH 44301

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Female English Prep School Prefect looking for a hot stud, paddle and hot. Me a hot girl. Your opportunity to be disciplined. Box 1116 Br 191 St. Aubrey GWM 41 PO Box 14758 Cleveland OH 44144 141 66895

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OREGON

MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN

Harley-riding bootmaster seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into on-going leather experiences. No pain or far-out kink. Just healthy leather sex, boot-licking fantasies. If young you are mature and masculine. If my age, you are affectionate, intense in your dedication to the boot leather lifestyle. Box 6704, F.

ARE YOU A SLAVE?

Master? White collar Master will allow a large degree of independence while enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate to Salem, Oregon, without delay. Describe interests, photo, phone for reply. Box 5954, F.

CIGARS AND SWEAT

Uncut, bearded dude, hung thick with big balls, looking for mature, hairy hunk into man-to-man action. C&B big nipple work, long, slow, smokin' sessions, no anal or kink. Beard/uncut are musts. Just natural, real. Let em hang sex. Bare ass leather men welcome. Box 8618, F.

Q: How is Max Bear different from his fellow bears?

A: Max is the one in the joystick.

LEATHER DADDY DADDY BEAR

35 yo bearded attractive WM wants leather daddy or Daddy bear for morning or afternoon sessions of manly safe sex, playing with his ass balls and mind. Box 6937, F.

PENNSYLVANIA

LEATHER BOOTMAN

Looking for young slim submissive cocksuckers that need to have their face plowed. If you need long tough sessions, verbal abuse and having a man hold you on while you service him, get on your ass and write. Leatherman is 45, 5'11", 175 and healthy. Photo and phone a must. Box 8849, F.

Max Bear

A: A link between you and the community.

ASS BATING ADDICT

Looking for subject ass bath bottoms for regular in-home or evenings in shower area. Please clean and shaved & at-wash before being into with pits. If play, W & F. Place not important. Photo and serious minded wanted. Not into or feral. Box 6501, F.

ENEMA & SPANKINGS NEEDED

Submissive enema needs a tough Master or male nurse to give me hot and heavy enemas and spankings. CHT 100. Please send me your photo and if receptive I'll do anything for you. Art, PO Box 58119 Philadelphia PA 19109.

RHODE ISLAND

MASTER DAD NEEDED

Master Top needed by WM submissive. New training in SM. Please. See use my hot masculine muscular body for your pleasure. interest bondage, tit-cock play, obeying, pleasing, demanding Master. See I need teacher. be naked, expand my limits, train me. Hair working, good-looking. Box 6342, F.

HUGE BUNS

400 lbs or over. Any age to 75. I will lick huge smooth buns. Send nude photo. Box 6342, F.

SOUTH CAROLINA

ORAL SLAVE SEEKS TOPS

WM 24, clean & healthy seeks tops masters to serve their oral and other needs. I enjoy sucking a big cock, hairy balls and a hairy ass. I am looking for men who will give me orders and teach me the way serve him best. I would also enjoy learning more about FF, WS and HC. Any dominant men who are interested please write with photo, phone to KM, PO Box 6947 Columbia, SC 29260. Dominant couples & groups also welcome. No drugs or pain. Box 6698, F.

SOUTH DAKOTA

NOVICE WANTS HOT TOP

33 Needs patient Top to teach Light S.M. 11 CBT Light Bondage. Spanking. Like top in fun leather or policeman uniform. Can travel some weekends. PO Box 994 Aberdeen SD 57402 0994 605-225-0375 Leave message. Travel Twin Cities. Picture if possible. Phone JO OK. Box 6674, F.

TENNESSEE

YOUNG EAST TENN. SLAVES

Hot cruel master-daddy from executive mid-fifties seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee area. Slave must be under 25, well built and prepared to be on call at any time for heavy demanding scenes. Serious only. Submit detailed letter with photo and telephone number. Box 6490, F.

MASTER SEEKS BOY SLAVE

For weekend, occasional use and abuse. Possible permanent houseboy. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 29, prefer smooth swimmers build. I am 37, 5'11", 170 lb or be professional. Submit picture, phone to Sr, POB 21561 Chattanooga TN 37421. Box 6549, F.

SEEKING BOTTOM COMPANION

Mostly top wants mostly bottom for moderate. All kink passion, pain in Nashville. Top is 35, 6'9", 175 lb professional, beard, very hairy, intense, caring, enjoys leather, bonds, straps, whips. Desires sexual bottom slave but in other respects, partner, companion willing to explore, experiment and expand limits. Box 6633, F.

DEAR SIR: DOMINANT'S CLASSIFIEDS GET RESULTS

REAL MEN GET REAL SERVICE

White male 6'1", 220, 6'5" uncult needs Masters to serve W.B. truckers, bikers, hairy & much. Mkt Tenn on 140 between Nashville & Knoxville. Have play room into to heavy SM. If W.S. domination and much more. Only if A.M.N. call No. 0 bullshit. Travelers welcome. Have place to park big rigs. Call 615-528-5128. John Form Master slave worldwide. Box 6342, F.

TEXAS

SLING ROOM VACANCY

Lightly needs filling! Goodlooking horny man 30, 5'9", 150 dark hair, eyes, hairy chest, deep throat, fat cock and hungry. Looking dominant stud under 40 for long slow bullshit, kink, bondage, light S.M. and mutual exploration in my Dallas playroom or yours. Box 6075, F.

NAKED RANCH STUD

willing to work outdoors naked to be stable (weir) enslaved, hitched to plow as work horse. Keep naked in barn or hay loft as work horse. Contact this old Steven Plaidino, POB 30 Canyon Springs, Texas 78834 Ph 512-466-1153. Box 6781, F.

MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION KINK

White 50, 5'9", 145 excellent health. Seeks medical doctor, medic to invade bladder, ass, stretch my holes with catheters, scopes, lasers, internal manipulation. Atomic okay. No permanent damage. Your examining room, Dallas but will travel. Your description of self, qualifications, science gets mine. Absolute discretion. Box 6781, F.

WANTED BONDAGE MASTER

Mid muscular jock WM 58, 180, 34 yrs, bondage, wrestling, but lots of tying and have some or expand and can expect same. Box 6781, F.

LOOKING FOR DADDY MASTER

W.M. 26, 5'10", 161 brown hair, blue grey eyes, mustache, submissive and obedient. Looking for Daddy Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel, possible relocation. So please reply to Box 52651, F.

NEED BIG COCKS DILDOES

WM 4', 155 lbs, 6' cut smooth. Hairy, brown, blue, wants top mutual buddy for longed assplay. Big cocks, dildoes, fisting with right person. hairy, ass, thighs, big cocks and balls to play, anime, smoke, turn-ons. Box 6304, F.

NEED SMALL HANDS BIG DILDOES

Attractive W.M. 40, 5'11", 175 lbs, into ass stretching activities w big toys or small hands. Hvy neg. Let's have safe exploratory fun in San Antonio. Write w photo (re:lined), PO Box 296243 San Antonio TX 78280-2643 6547, F.

WANTED DADDY

GWM 6, 154 M, 40, 48 seeks man 30-45 who seeks my son. You must be \$1000 confident yet flexible. 713-526-6188

VERMONT

HOT HOLE NEEDS FILLING

38, 200 lb hot, shaved hole needs hot you fist or foot. Can accommodate anything have and that means p.s. too. Also have shaved tits that need a lot of work. Can, awful, thirsty. Kit, Box 886 Bradford 05033

VIRGINIA

BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT

B & W male 34 seeks training by experienced into BD, light SM, watersports, toys, mind control. Me Br hair, hazel eyes, football player's build. You 24-35 experienced good build, clean shaven into sex. Thanks. Box 6414, F.

2 MASTERS SEEK SLAVE/SON

GWM 33, 5'10", 155, 10' uncult cock G 30, 6'1", 180, 8' cut cock. Seek slave or training. Anything goes. We demand provide Photo, phone. David Miller Box 5 Portsmouth VA 23703

EXPANSION WANTED

One 5'4", 130 WM, 40s, seeks experienced Daddy Master to have limits expanded. Look for good teacher for training in the giving/receiving the joys of gay sex. Sir, send detailed lesson plans to Training, P 13428 Richmond VA 23225 LF8555, F.

WASHINGTON

VERSATILE LEATHERMAN

34, 6'7", 130 smooth body, short hair, clean shaven, into enemas, shaving, d, spanking, humiliation, B&O, C&B, blindfolded, WS and a lot of other kink. Greg PO Box 71003 Seattle WA 98106 Non-smoker only (6880, F)

LEATHER TOP

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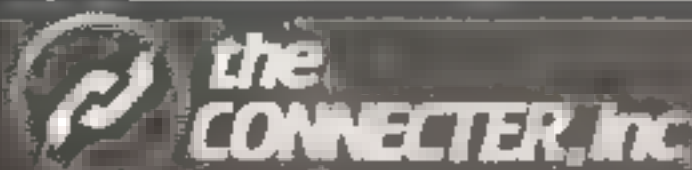
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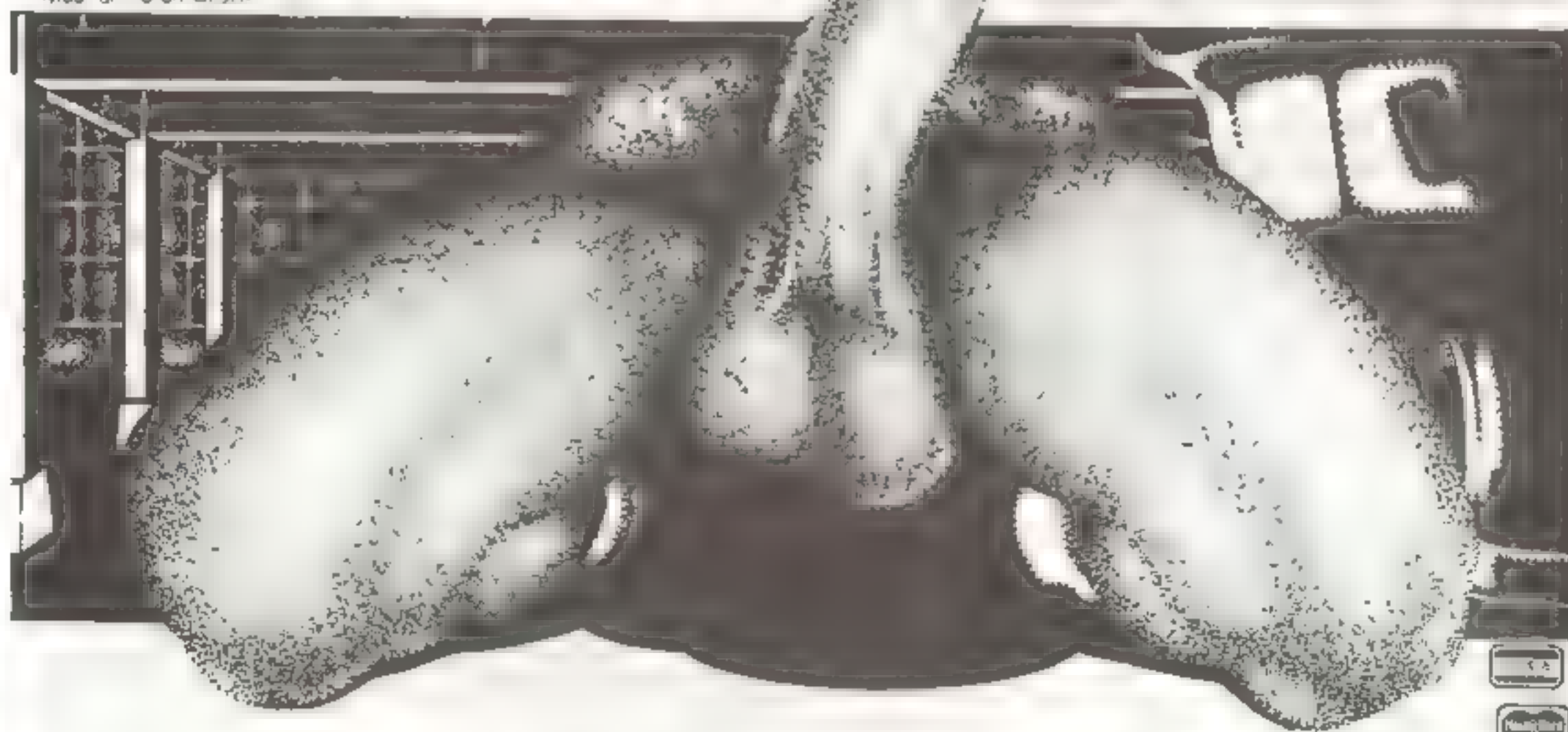
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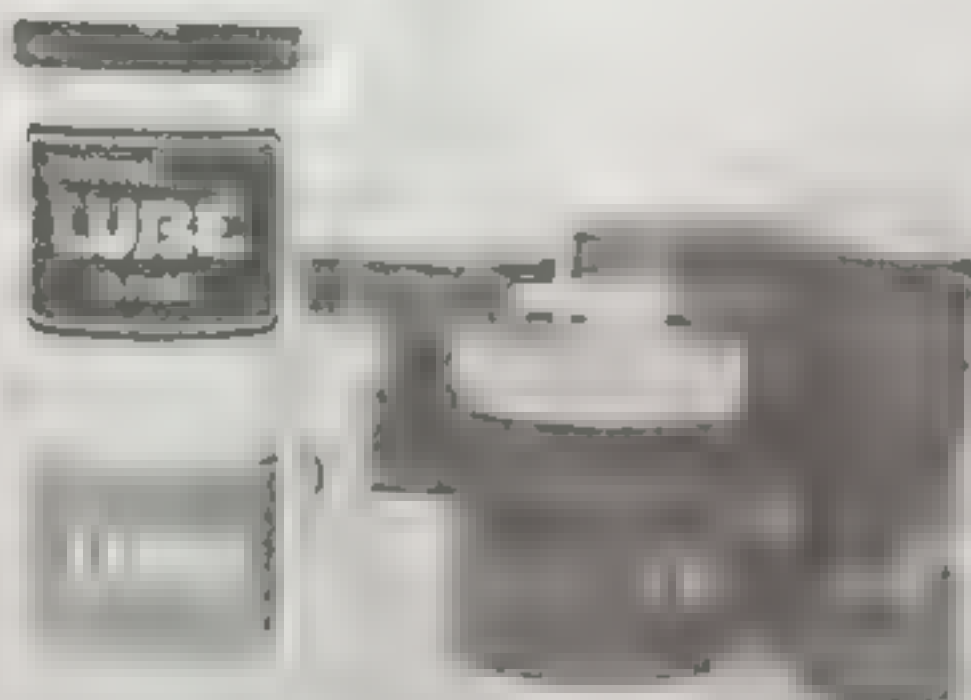
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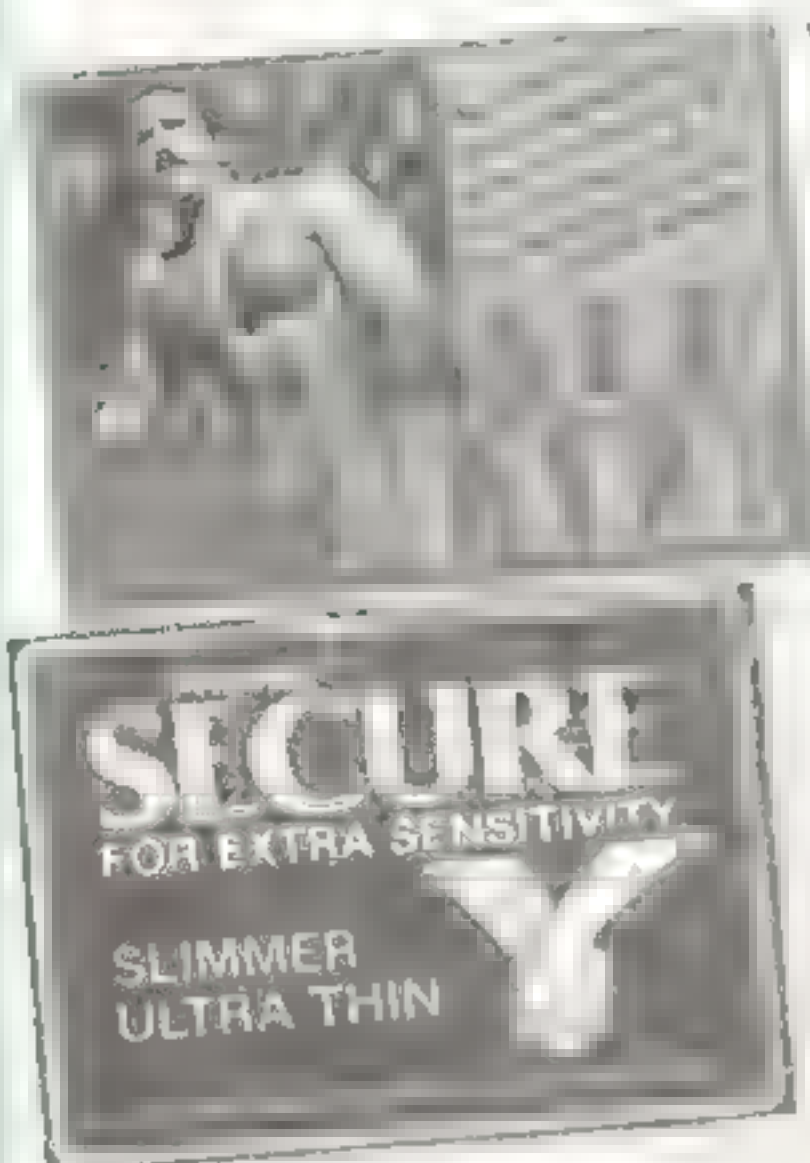
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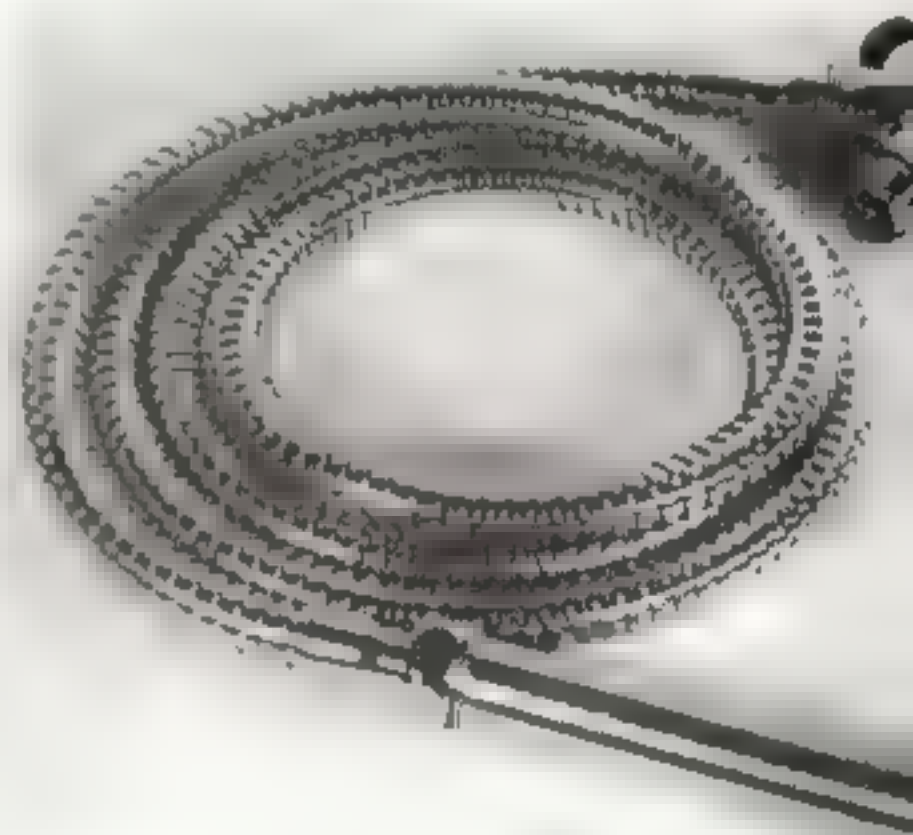
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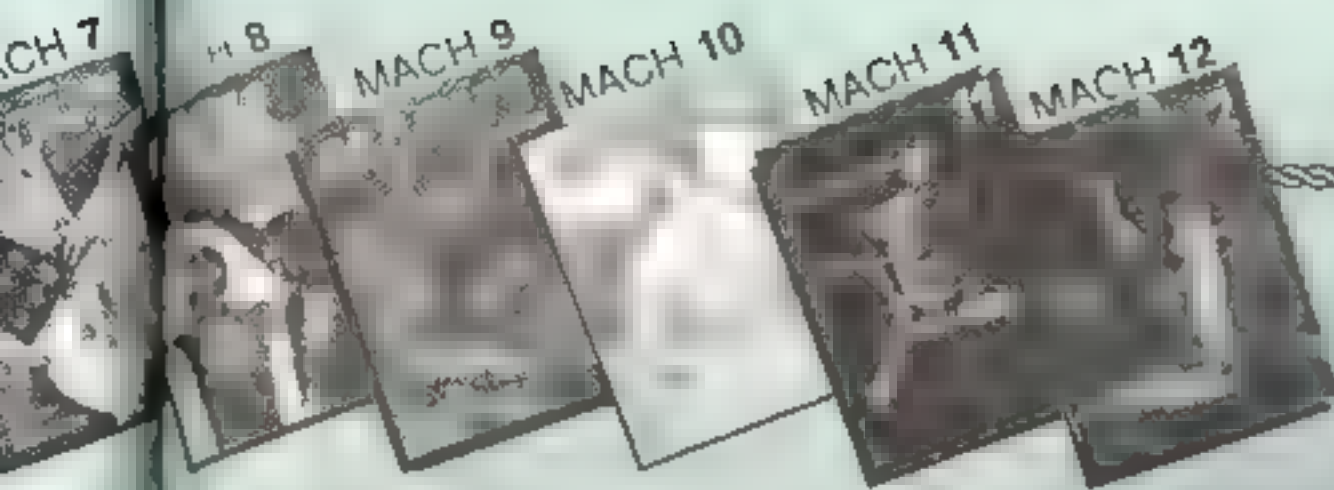
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she'll know what to do. No problem is
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 Expert instruction in: Kung-Fu • Karate • Tae-Kwon-Do • Judo • Boxing • Wrestling. A physical fitness training program is also offered for those wishing to reshape their bodies and minds in an environment free of the pressures of public gyms. I offer a newly remodeled gym with dressing room and shower facility. Courses are designed for beginning and advanced students. Special introductory offer: Three classes for \$25.00. I will show you how to gain strength, confidence and self respect and feel safe on the streets again. Don't be a victim. Call me at (415) 621-0297.

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 Five bucks gets our picture-filled catalog of hole-oriented videos. COA 22-5R Market #148 SF CA 94 14

NEW S&M FETISH VIDEOS
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IDENTICAL TWINS
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REAR VIEW MIRROR

Tony-DeBlaze

Exploring Our Leather Roots

You feel it at Internat, at Golden Horse at Rosebud, and at dozens of other runs and events. You feel it at International Mr Leather, at International Ms Leather, at Mr Drummer. You feel it marching down 5th Avenue with CSMMA and FSM or marching down Market Street with Janus, the Outcasts and the 15 Association. You feel it at bar nights, panel discussions, demonstrations and parties from Ptown to San Diego, from Vancouver to Key West. Most of all you feel it at Living in Leather. And it was the greatest thrill of all during the 1987 March On Washington, "IT" is the sense of community, the feeling of being with "family", the sense of fraternity with other leathermen (and leather women), of shared experience, of special understandings.

We are a community, a distinct subgroup, with a shared culture and history. Perhaps it is because of the age my friends and I have reached, perhaps it is because of the drastic changes in lifestyles brought about by AIDS and increasing conservatism, perhaps it is because of the maturation of our leather subculture. Most likely it is because of all of these things combined that there is increasing interest in our leather roots. Where did we come from, how have we arrived at where we are?

The Rear View Mirror is a new feature

that will appear in most issues of Drummer. Its purpose will be to explore our Leather Roots. The earliest leather Motor Cycle clubs like Cycle in NYC, Second City in Chicago and The Warlocks in San Francisco were not only the first leather frat centers, they were among the first gay social clubs of any sort in the country. We will examine their history and the role they have played in bringing the community together. We will also explore the pre-Stonewall "old boy" networks, the origins of leather as the symbol of our sexstyle, the way that bars and other businesses have reacted to the leather community, the history and development of the H.A., C.S.A., and A.U.A. of Internat, the Minishift, and the C.S. combos, of the Athletic Model Guild, Kris Studios, Royale, and Coll. of Tom of Finland, Etienne, Steve Masters, Quantam, and Rex, of Fernando, Fred Halsted, and Val Martin, of Stompers, the Marquis de Sade, and a Taste of Leather, of the Cold Coast, the Eagle's Nest, Echus and the No Name, of keyrings and colored handkerchiefs of the cult of the motorcycle and the black leather jacket.

Jack Fritscher has agreed to anchor the column, making frequent contributions to it, including reports from his collection of oral histories. Geoff Manns, Gayle Rubin and others have already agreed to write

pieces for it. I welcome everyone who would like to share a bit of our history. The articles will vary considerably in content and scope. Some will be broad surveys, others brief anecdotes, and all of the spectrum in between. Most will be primarily articles but some will be photo essays letting a selection of "thousand word" photos speak for themselves.

For more than twelve years now Drummer has been **THE** publication for the leather community; it is the history and antecedents of our readers that we will be discovering. We need your help. A few of the topics listed above have already been assigned but most are open and in need of someone to put them together. Are you interested in tackling one of these, or some related topic? Do you know someone in at the beginning, or in a position to know what it was like when? Let us know. Send us your ideas, your comments, your own views of our history.

Look into your own rear view mirror and join us to examine your, our, past—our Leather Roots.

If you would like to contribute to this column or have any questions or suggestions, please write to us c/o Rear View Mirror, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

STEVE MASTERS

One of the drawings at right was one of our earliest, best, and least known artists documenting the leather lifestyle.

We are gathering as much of his art as we can for a forthcoming feature on his work.

If you have any information on Steve Masters' work, either in the form of a drawing or a photograph, please let us know.

We would also like to learn the locations of as many Steve Masters originals as possible.

And if you have any information on Steve Masters' personal life, please let us know.

Any information you can send will be appreciated.

MACHINE SHOP

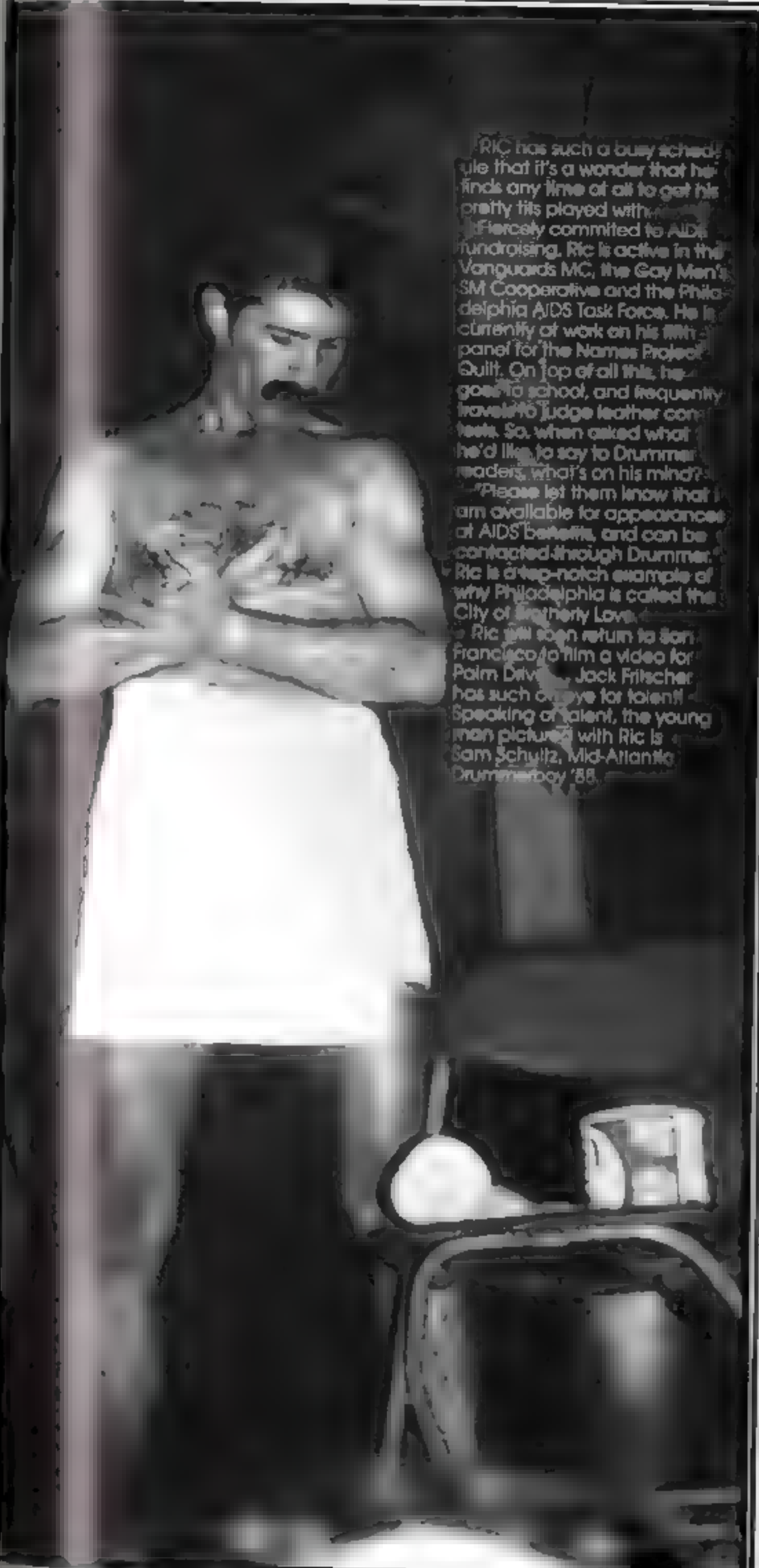


RIC TURNER

MR. MID-ATLANTIC
DRUMMER '88

Photos by Droux Photo





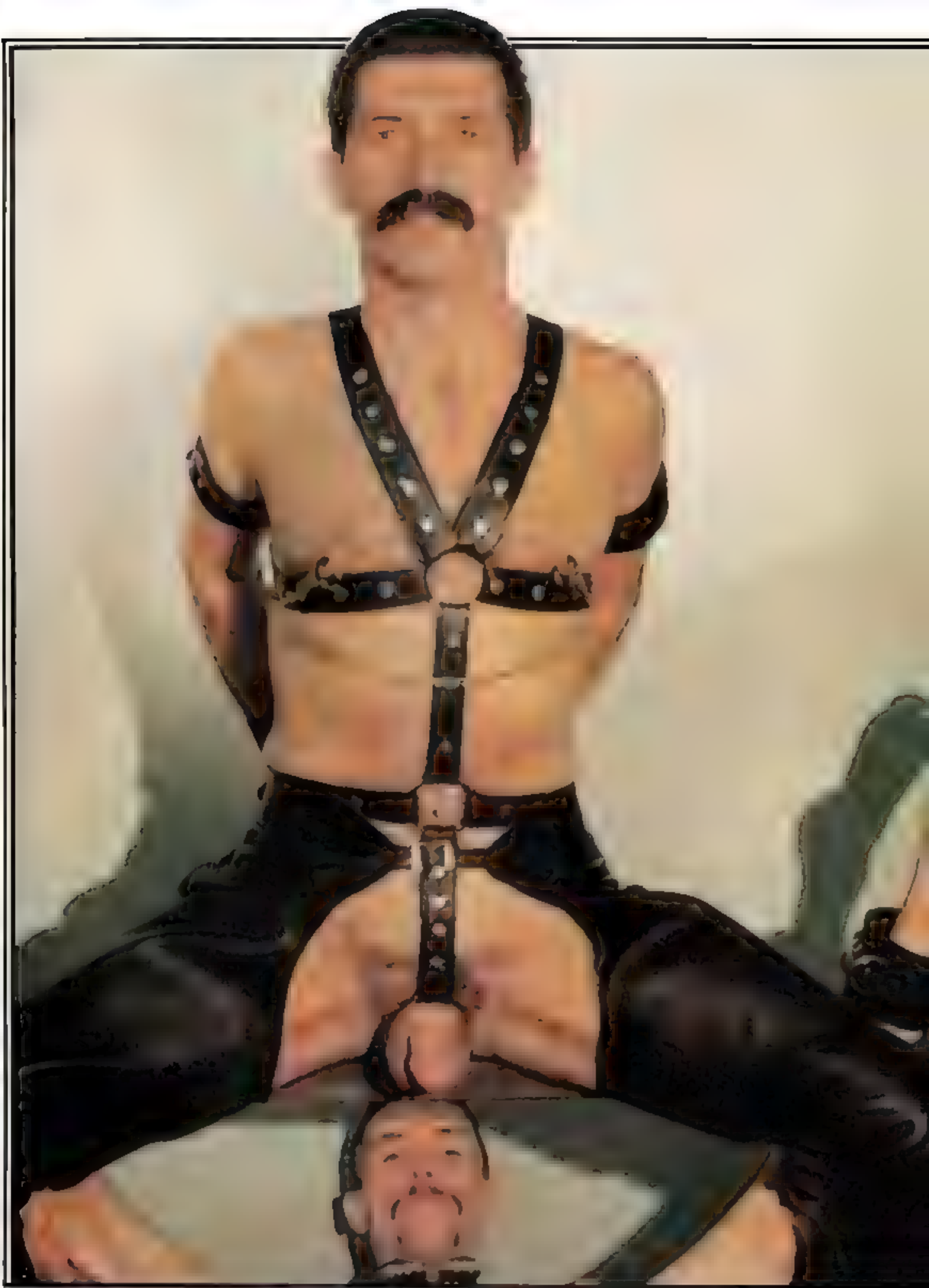
Ric has such a busy schedule that it's a wonder that he finds any time at all to get his pretty tits played with.

Fiercely committed to AIDS fundraising, Ric is active in the Vanguards MC, the Gay Men's SM Cooperative and the Philadelphia AIDS Task Force. He is currently at work on his fifth panel for the NAMES Project Quilt. On top of all this, he goes to school, and frequently travels to judge leather contests. So, when asked what he'd like to say to Drummer readers, what's on his mind?

"Please let them know that I am available for appearances at AIDS benefits, and can be contacted through Drummer. Ric is a top-notch example of why Philadelphia is called the City of Brotherly Love."

Ric will soon return to San Francisco to film a video for Palm Drive. Jack Fritscher has such an eye for talent! Speaking of talent, the young man pictured with Ric is Sam Schultz, Mid-Atlantic Drummerboy '88.







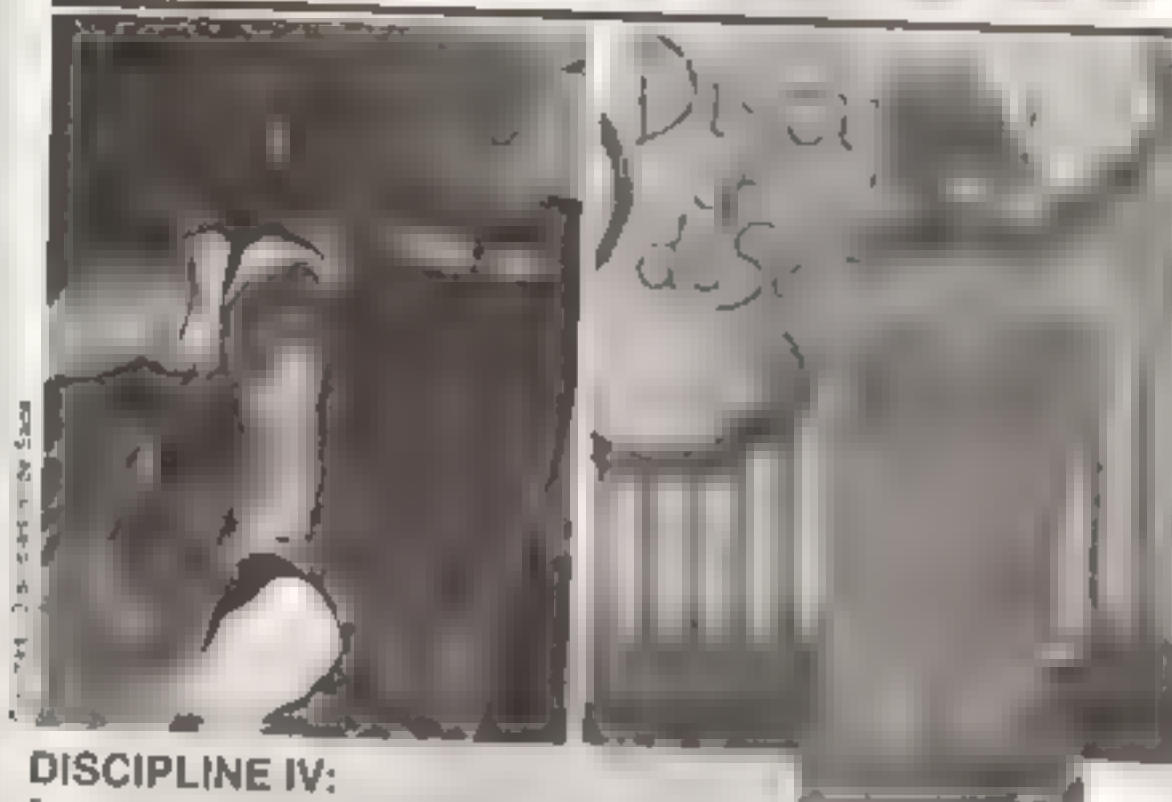


DRUMMER 125





LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



DISCIPLINE IV:

Frontside, backside, standing up or lying down, the men at the Disciples of de Sade's fourth annual run enjoyed each other.

DISCIPLINE IV

The Disciples of de Sade of Dallas Texas, held their annual Discipline run on November 4th, 5th and 6th. The excitement started Friday night with a social greet and meet at the Trestle, the home bar for the Disciples. Soon afterwards, more than sixty men from all parts of the country were transported to a warehouse just outside the city limits.

The warehouse was busy both nights with men enjoying 13 different play spaces available to them. Scaffolding was installed to create three small areas which accommodated two slings and a floating bondage table. Within the open areas of the warehouse two crosses, two stationary bondage tables, a rotating rack and several whipping saw horses were put to good use. Pleasures included electrocution, piercing, hot wax, clothespins and numerous bondage and whipping scenes.

As usual the Discipline run was an event that will be remembered. Information on future Discipline runs and other club activities is available by writing Disciples of de Sade, 3920 Cedar Springs, Dallas TX 75219.

Jerry C., Associate Member Disciples of de Sade

6 1/4 PERVERTS PRODUCTIONS

On Dec 3 a slightly over capacity crowd packed San Francisco's SM House to witness 6 1/4 Perverts Productions' Theatre of the Depraved, An Evening of High SM Trauma. Carol and Steve Mistress and Slave of Ceremonies respectively, introduced the acts. The program got off to a rousing start with The Torture Circus Is In Town, a 3+ ring extravaganza that included simultaneous presentations of Carla and Shari dancing with balls sewn to various parts of their anatomies, Brad on his bed of nails, Fakir on his bed of swords, Ms Kaye and her sensational flogging suspension act, and Sharon, Stacey and Pan all adding to the general festivities. The next act featured Fiedermaus and AV as puppeteer and puppet respectively as clamps attached to long cords were attached to the limp puppet then used to manipulate his body. But the puppet took on a life of his own when more clamps were attached to his tits, cock and other sensitive parts of the anatomy. While the puppeteer manipulated the strings, the puppet rose to the occasion and nearly brought down the house, or at least the ladder.

Next Bettie, Candace, Gina and Ruth performed Sluts and Cops and a Nightstick as two sluts decide to enjoy the thrill of getting it on in Ringo d Alley only to be busted by three female cops who manhandle the sluts in lots of ways, including some very graphic nightstick sucking—but it was SAFE nightstick sex. The nightstick wore a condom!

Later Hal, Gil and Lady Jane presented Fire At #7 or Use 911 With Discretion. Lady Jane saw smoke coming from her neighbor's house, yawned and called 911 to report the fire, again. Hal, in full fireman drag responded and decided it was time to teach the firebug a lesson. Gil got stripped and spanked but that was obviously not enough, so Hal tied him down and repeatedly swabbed his chest with alcohol and lit it. Fireman Hal decided he's taught the kid a lesson—and he did but probably not the right one judging from the big grin on Gil's face and the way he kept flashing his lighter as the fireman left.

In the Western Fantasy Dick and Peter (those really are their names) dealt out some bullwhip punishment. Mother Wendy and Her Holy Helper presented a beautifully choreographed and executed erotic dance performance in You Called Her as the helper gave it up to the goddess he had summoned. The Switched-On Switches, Victoria, Youlanda and Jay, provided two intervals of Aural Abuse singing some strangely new and interesting lyrics to some familiar tunes. And in a rousing finale, In Doing It In The Rear, Gary, Ken, Ken, and Wendy showed what can happen on that long

BART ride under the bay. It's enough to make you want to move to Oakland!

6 1/4 Perverts Productions is a group of 8 Bay Area SM people who decided to 'put on a show' to raise money for the AIDS Emergency Fund. With the help of many other volunteers, as performers, light and sound engineers, publicists, etc. etc., they produced an evening of great entertainment AND \$1400 for the Fund. Though the event was publicized only through the mailing lists of the various Bay Area SM clubs many people had to be turned away at the door due to the limited capacity of the space. 6 1/4 PP hope to do a second production in a few months in a larger space.

Fiedermaus

MR. DRUMMER 1989-90

The annual search for Mr. Drummer will start on January 27, 21 with the first Mr. Eastern Canada Drummer contest sponsored by M.C. Faucon of Montreal. The contest is just a part of the Leather Fantasy Weekend M.C. Faucon has planned. The winner of this contest will be the first from his region to participate in the Mr. Drummer finals which will be held in late September 1989.

NEWS BRIEFS

The Hartford Colts recently sponsored a household goods drive to furnish apartments being secured by the AIDS Ministries Housing Program for PWAs. The gathered donations of furniture, bedding, appliances, housewares and other items needed to make the apartments pleasant and livable. Good work guys!

Heritage of Pride, Inc. the organizers of New York City's Gay and Lesbian Pride March, Rally & Dance, are holding their 5th annual awards ceremony on Sunday January 15. The "Spirit of Stonewall Award" goes to GMSMA and LSM. Congratulations!

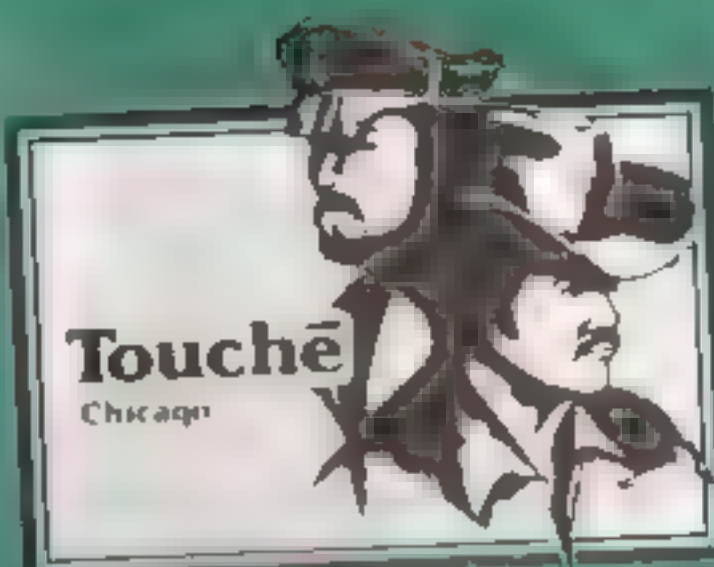
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

Quake '88, the San Francisco Knight Templar's 1988 SM run was held over Thanksgiving day weekend. Attended by nearly 75 men from all across the country the three day event was a smacking success.

However, for various reasons, the Knights Templar have decided to disband as of the end of 1988. Along with The 15 Association, the Knights have been very active in hosting monthly play parties in San Francisco. They will be missed!



**CHAIN
DRIVE**
austin 512 478-0295



Touche
Chicago



Boot Camp Saloon
208 E. National Ave
Milwaukee WI 53204



**The
Seattle
Eagle**
DARE TO BE
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314 First Pike St
Seattle, Washington 98101
(206) 424-3013



DRUMMER



DC EAGLE

CROSSROADS

WHERE
LEATHERMEN
MEET



THE TRESTLE
438 E. HASKELL
(214) 886-4551
LEATHER IN BAR



**LEVI CRUISE
SPURS
CINCINNATI**
120 EAST EIGHTH STREET



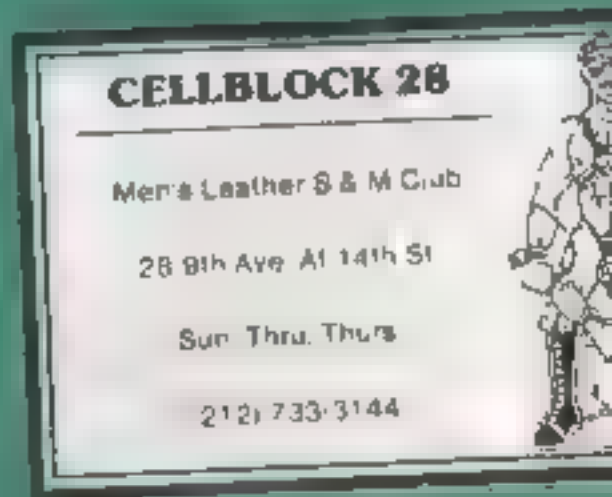
SF EAGLE



CROSSROADS . . .
Where Leathermen Meet
By placing an ad in this section, a bar or other business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen.
By accepting their ad, *Drummer* is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather S.M. Club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars. In other areas they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen do go to socialize.
Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be let us know about that too. -Friederhaus



WOLFS
LEATHER · UNIFORM · WESTERN
SAN DIEGO



CELLBLOCK 28
Men's Leather S & M Club
28 9th Ave At 14th St
Sun Thru Thurs
212 733-3144



**MANHANDLER
SALOON**
LITHUANIA
1948 N. Holsted St. (312) 674-3339



**LOS ANGELES' HOT
LEATHER BAR
GAUNTLET**
4219 Santa Monica Blvd
Los Angeles, California
(213) 669-9472
MOTORCYCLE PAID

The
Best Stop in Philadelphia!

206 S. Quince Street
(215) 627-1662



DRUMMER



Home of
Mr. Drummer 1988

COLUMBUS EAGLE BAR
232 NORTH THIRD STREET
COLUMBUS, OHIO 43215
614-228-2804



306 PONCE DE LEON AVE.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
404-527-8431



LA'S ONLY
LEVI/LEATHER DANCE CLUB
6112 VENICE BLVD. LA
(213) 935-1275

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS M-Z

Club names marked with an asterisk (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type not bold face have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction please do so.

M indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M. (W) indicates a women's leather S/M club. Mixed S/M indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, heterosexual and bi-sexual. (IO) indicates men's jerk off or masturbation clubs, (F) indicates a special interest club, such as ones specializing in sadomasochisms, bondage, wrestling, etc. (I) indicates clubs that are primarily international, whose main activity is to send out a roster—they may or

may not have periodic meetings. (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather/Levi-motorcycle or social clubs. * indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

If any club wishes to change its listing, please let us know. Send new listings or updates to Club Lists, P.O. Box 11114, San Francisco, CA 94111. Notifications of incorrect address for defunct organizations will be appreciated. The US & Canada Clublist M-Z will appear in the next issue of Drummer.

Alabama & Western Club

Alaska

Advertisers - Sponsored Ad

Agencies & Other Listings

Arizona & Western

Arizona

Association of Clubs

Association of Clubs

Argonauts MC

Argonauts of Wisconsin

Arizona Rangers MC

A.S.M.C.

Atlanta Skins Solidarity

A.S.S.

Atlanta Motorcycle

Atlanta Motorcycle

Atlanta MC

Alons of Minneapolis

Avatar

Ball Club

Barbary Coasters MC

Battle of the Bay

Baton Rouge New Orleans Wrestling Club

Battalion Motorcycle Corps

Bee Town Badgers

B.C. Wrestling Club

Black Fury

Black Guard

Blackhawk MC

Black Star MC

Blazers Leather/Levi

Association

Blue Max Cycle Club

Blue Max MC

Black

Butcher Brothers MC

Knapsack & Deformed

Branding Iron Club

Brian Rose W

Brotherhood of Man MC

Buccaneers MC

Bucks MC

Buckingham

Butterfly Club

California Eagles MC

California Motor Club

California MC

Centaurus MC

Centaurus MC

Centaurus Club

Centaurus MC

Chicago Cossacks

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Chicago Hellfire Club

Colorado Gay Rodeo

Colorado Gay Rodeo

Cult 43s

Committee to Preserve our

Sexual & Civil Liberties

Companions Club

Canadian Leather Levi

Congress MC Inc.

Cerberus MC

Copperstate Leathermen's

Association

Cornhaulers

Corps of Rangers

Corpus Christi MC

Corpus Christi MC

Corpus Christi MC

Corpus Christi MC

Corpus Christi MC

Corpus Christi MC

Corpus Christi MC

Corpus Christi MC

Corpus Christi MC

Corpus Christi MC

LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

FEBRUARY

- 4 •Black Hearts Ball—NLA: Seattle—Seattle, WA
- Eine Nacht in Venedig—MS Panther Köln—Cologne, West Germany
- 8 •Staying Together—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- 10 •Novices Seminar—GMSMA—New York City
- 15 •Anniversary 9—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 17-19 •Black Frost Goes Country—Black Guard—Minneapolis
- 17-20 •Miami Hot—Phoenix Levi-Leather of Miami & Florida Brotherhood of Clubs 9th Anniversary—Miami, FL
- 22 •Quiz Show: Test your S/M IQ—GMSMA—LGCC, NYC
- 25 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

MARCH

- 4 •Dungeon Party—GMSMA—Paddies, New York City
- Formal Dinner Ball—NLA: Seattle—Seattle, WA
- 8 •Flogging & Whipping Demo—GMSMA—Paddies, NY
- 11 •Spanking Flogging Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 16 •IML Regional Sendoff—NLA: Seattle—Seattle, WA
- Whip/Flog Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 22 •SM Erotic Art—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- 23 •Fetish & Fantasy Night—Alan Selby—Endup—San Francisco
- 24-26 •International Ms Leather Weekend in—San Francisco
- 24-27 •Ostern 1989—CFLM—Vienna, Austria
- International Ms Leather Contest—San Francisco

APRIL

- 1 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 2 •Rocky Horror Picture Show Party, NLA—Seattle—Seattle, WA
- 12 •Shaving—GMSMA—Paddies, New York City
- 14 •Shaving Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 15 •West Coast School of Lower Education—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 26 •The Power of the Uniform—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- 28-30 •May Day III & Mr. & Ms NLA Contest—NLA—Seattle
- 28-30 •National Advisory Committee Meetings—NLA, National—Seattle, WA

MAY

- 1 •Dungeon Demo—GMSMA—Paddies, New York City
- Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 10 •S/M and the Law—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- 11 •Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 14 •Blacksmith Tour—GMSMA—New York City
- 20 •IML Regional Sendoff—NLA: Seattle—Seattle, WA
- Armed Forces/Military Night—The 15—San Francisco
- 24 •Pain, Power and Limits—GMSMA—LGCC, NYC
- 27 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

JUNE

- 9-11 •Cruising with the Thunderbolts—T-Boys MC, Hartford, CT
- 17 •Corporal Punishment Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 24 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 24-25 •GAY PRIDE WEEKEND
- 28 •Bondage—GMSMA—Paddies, New York City
- 18 •Pride Night—GMSMA—New York City
- Pride Festival—NLA: Seattle—Seattle, WA

JULY

- 7 •Annual Picnic—GMSMA—Hauska House, Pocono Mts, PA
- 11 •Bondage Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- MR. B.C. DRUMMER CONTEST—VASM—M's T's Cabaret, Vancouver, BC

AUGUST

- 19 •Spanking Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 26 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

SEPTEMBER

- 16 •Branding—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 13 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

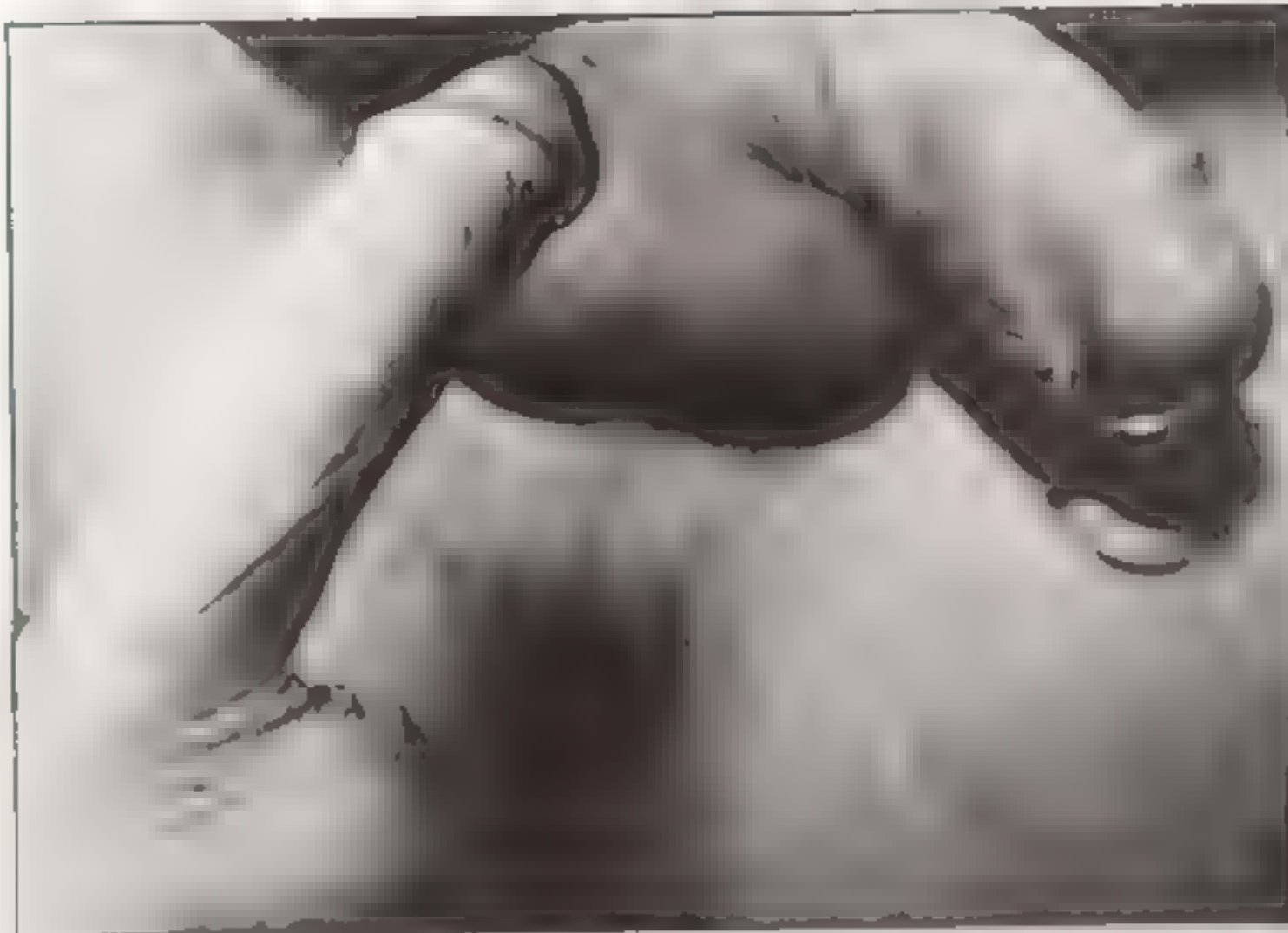
OCTOBER

- 21 •Cock, Ball & Tit torture Night—The 15—San Francisco

NOVEMBER

- 18 •Mad Doctor Party—The 15—San Francisco, CA

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



HIS CAVITY NEEDS FILLING

[illegible]

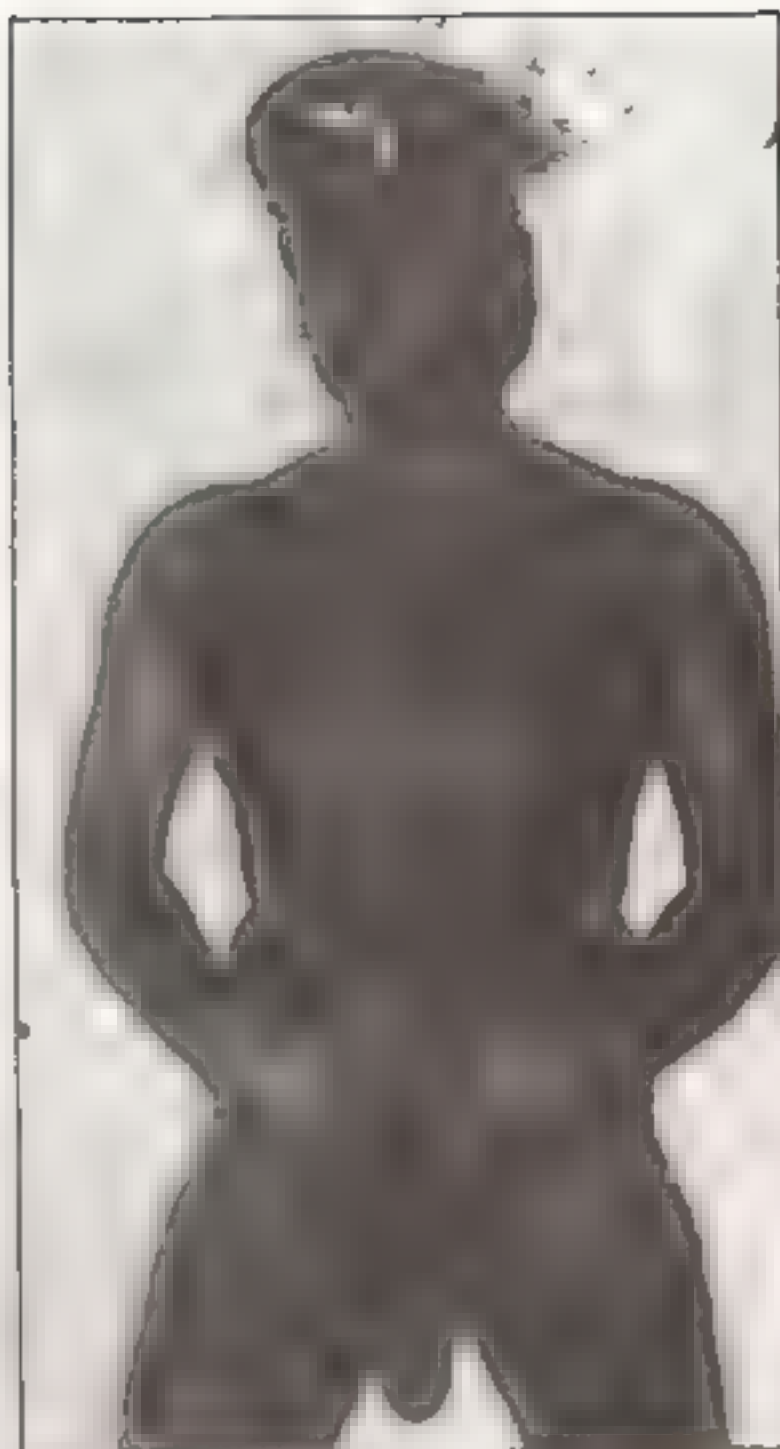
THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN?
CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD
OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?

Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your black and white photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) with your name and address printed on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name and we will assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos are not returnable.)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC number on the back flap. Put this inside another envelope along with fifty cents for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, SF, CA 94101-1314.

HE HAS WAYS OF MAKING YOU TALK
TC 1334

TC 1334 is from West Germany, and plans to visit the U.S. He seeks submissive slaves on both coasts who will serve him as guides (and who knows what else) during his stay. Only serious slaves with nice asses for his whip need apply to TC 1334.



AND THE MEAT GOES ON... AND ON

AND THE MEAT DOES COME FROM THE
 IF I LIKE IF YOU'RE ATTRACTED TO MEN, NOT BOYS AND
 ARE INTERESTED IN A RELATIONSHIP WITHOUT ROLE
 NEW YORK, NY
 IF YOU
 IF YOU
 IF YOU



Twenty Questions

**Mail to: Drummer Questionnaire
Post Office Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314**

At **Drummer**, we're well aware that our magazine is read by a wide variety of individuals who collectively have a broad spectrum of interests and tastes. If there's one thing that's probably true of **all our readers**, we suspect it's that you all have **opinions on how the magazine can be improved**.

This is a survey which, we hope, will be a convenient way for you to express those opinions and let us know what you like and dislike about **Drummer**. Whether you've got a beef or a bouquet, here's your chance to get it off your chest.

Please take a few minutes to complete this questionnaire and drop it in the mail. You'll be helping us to bring you an even better magazine, a magazine which more closely reflects the desires of our readers. Thank you for your participation!

1. Please list the first three digits of your zip code:

2. What is your age? ☐ 21 to 30 ☐ 31 to 40 ☐ 41 to 50 ☐ 51 to 65 ☐ Over 65

3. Do you receive **Drummer** by: ☐ Mail on a subscription basis? ☐ Purchasing single copies at your local newsstand?
☐ Borrowing a friend's copy?

4. Local newsstand where **Drummer** is NOT available but you would like to see **Drummer** there.

Name _____

Address _____

5. If you are not a subscriber and buy **Drummer** at a newsstand, approximately how many issues do you buy in a year?

☐ 3 or fewer ☐ 4 to 6 ☐ 6 to 9 ☐ 10 to 12

6. What influences you to decide to buy a particular issue?

☐ The Cover ☐ The Fiction ☐ The Interior photo spreads ☐ Fetish or other theme

☐ Other (please list) _____

7. How many people ordinarily read your copy of **Drummer**? (Circle one) 1 2 3 4 5 More? _____

8. Please circle the publications you read frequently. Underline those you read only occasionally.

Sample

Drummer

Mach

Advocate Men

Advocate

Bear

Bound and Gagged

Christopher Street

DungeonMaster

First Hand

FQ

Honcho

In Touch

Inches

Jock

Leather Journal

Mach

Mandate

Manifest Reader

Manscape

Mr. SM

New York Native

On Our Backs

Playgirl

Playguy

RFD

Sandmutopia Guardian

Stallion

Stars

Stroke

Swan

T.R.A.S.H.

Torso

Toy

Local Gay Publications

Other (please list and include address if available)

Publication _____

Publication _____

9. For the following features in **Drummer**, please mark an "A" if you ALWAYS read it, "S" if you SOMETIMES read it, or "N" if you NEVER read it. Circle the one you read first.

☐ MaleCall ☐ Ties That Bind ☐ Fiction ☐ Leather Notebook ☐ Tough Customers
☐ Off The Top ☐ Dear Sir Personals ☐ Drummedia ☐ Leather Bulletin Board ☐ Drum

10. How do you feel generally about the fiction published in **Drummer**? EXPLAIN

11. Do you generally prefer: ☐ Photography or ☐ Artwork : ☐ Fiction or ☐ Non-Fiction

12. What was your favorite piece of fiction published in **Drummer** during the past year?

13. Which **Drummer** covers were your favorites in the past year? Issue numbers

14. Which **Drummer** Model/Photo Spread was your favorite in the past year?

Issue Number Model name or name of photo spread

Why

15. Would you like to see more color photography in **Drummer**?

☐ Yes ☐ No (if no, explain why)

16. Have you ever made any purchases from our advertising pages? If so, have your experiences been favorable?

☐ Yes ☐ No EXPLAIN

17. Have you placed a personal ad in the past year in **Drummer** or DungeonMaster? ☐ Yes ☐ No
Elsewhere? ☐ Yes ☐ No

In what publication(s)?

18. Have you responded to a personal ad in the past year in **Drummer** or DungeonMaster? ☐ Yes ☐ No
Elsewhere? ☐ Yes ☐ No

In what publication(s)?

19. What would you like to see more of in **Drummer**?

20. What would you like to see less of?

CUMMING UP DRUMMER

ISSUE 126

A stiff-dicked salute to motorcycles and the men who ride them!



photos by Jim Wigler

WE LOVE A MAN ON A MOTORBIKE!

From the lens of Jim Wigler, we'll bring you hot and sweaty color photos of International Mr. Leather 1983, Coulter Thomas, astride a gleaming Harley, slowly stripping out of his biker's leathers to reveal his cock—for the first time in publishing history! If blonds or bikers—or both—press your buttons, you won't want to miss this!

So who the fuck IS Max Bear?

From the dripping pen of Robert Roberts (AKA the infamous tattoo artist, Mad Dog) comes a unique party animal who's definitely hotter than the average bear!



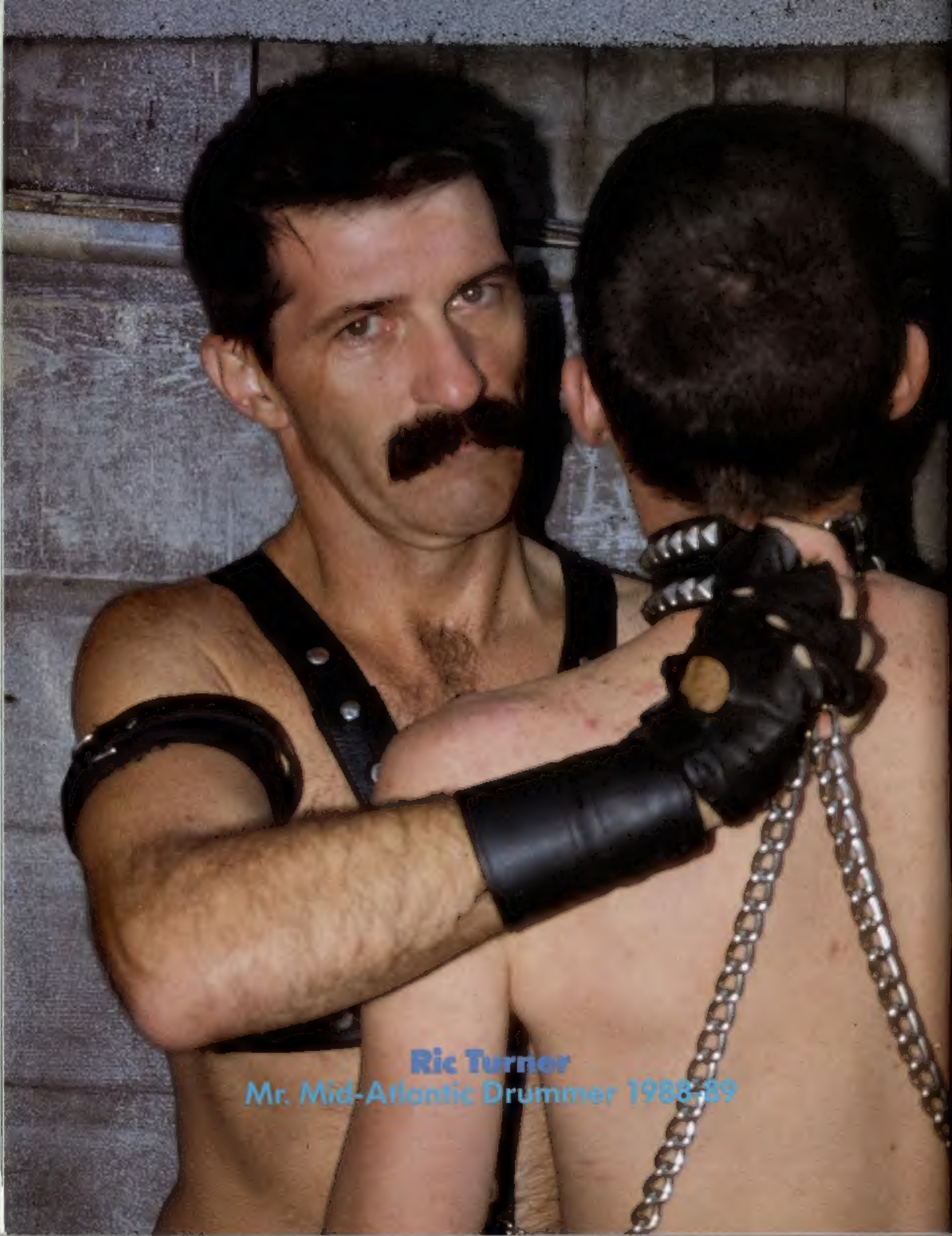
PLUS pud-pounding fiction from Jack Ricardo, Hoddy Allen and David May, a special selection of Biker Tough Customers, and lots more to pop your load and race your motor!

Longtime DM columnist and contributor T.A. Feldweber assumes the editor's helm from Tony DeBlase, who, as this photo attests, has his hands full of electrified pornstar J.D. Slater. Look for more of the same from the "Popular Mechanics" of the Dungeon: straight-forward, authoritative S/M techniques and information.



photo by John P. Kenny





Ric Turner
Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer 1988-89